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Vol. CXC No. 2478 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC AUGUST 2 1947

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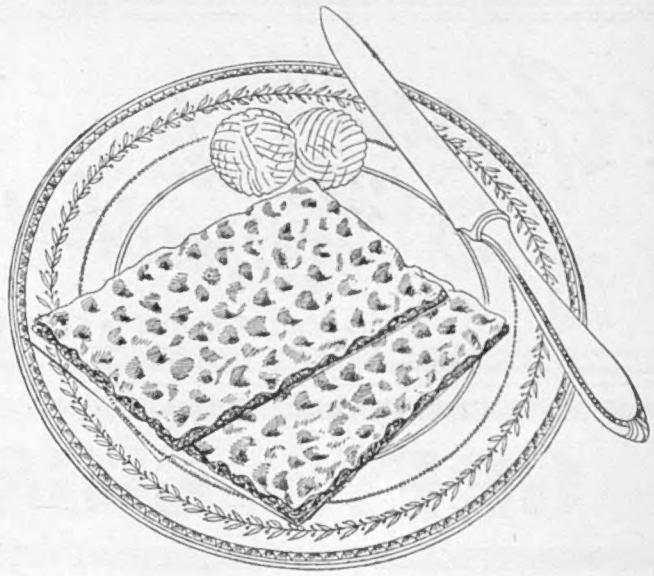

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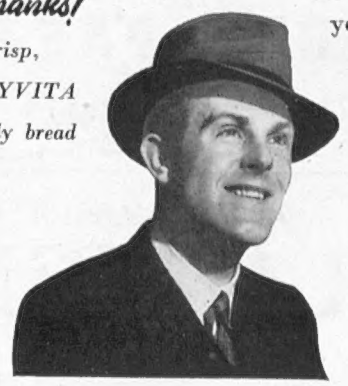

RYVITA

Volume CXC No. 2478

The SPHERE, London, August 2, 1947

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE PRINCESS AND THE CADET — HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS ELIZABETH TALKING TO BRIAN GANDERTON, OF LIVERPOOL, WHEN SHE VISITED THE ROYAL MERCHANT NAVY SCHOOL AT BEARWOOD, WOKINGHAM: The Princess, who is President of the School, paid a tribute to the generosity of the people of South Africa, who have contributed to the upkeep of Bearwood and the Merchant Navy Fund

Princess Elizabeth, accompanied by Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten, visited the Royal Merchant Navy School at Bearwood last Saturday, when she presented the prizes and unveiled a plaque to commemorate the "great generosity of the people of the Union of South Africa, who, showing their appreciation of the gallantry and fortitude of the Merchant Navy, subscribed more than £500,000 to the Merchant Navy Fund." Of this sum, £72,100 was allocated to the school at Bearwood. The boys and girls at this co-education school are children of merchant seamen lost at sea during the Second World War. For the Princess's inspection the cadets were smartly turned-out in "square-rig" uniforms and peaked hats. With the Princess in this picture is the headmaster of Bearwood, Mr. W. Alleyn Hill

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Pointers to the Crater.

—" The other day " Old Consols were touching par, and impudent borrowers, from Mr. Dalton downwards, were persuading themselves, if not the public lenders, that the security they could offer was so sound that 2½ per cent. interest was too high. To-day Old Consols are in the 80's again, and those imitators of Mr. Dalton who redeem their 4½-per-cent. Debentures and offer the public 2½ to 3 per cent. instead, have not all " got away with it." Old Consols are not a bad barometer of England's financial state, and they have registered a very significant and sharp fall. Lord Brand is a banker whose warnings have not proved pessimism and pie-crust. He put the affair as it has always struck me—simply and in a nutshell: " I am a banker and I am not accustomed, when a customer comes to me, to think his credit is high if he is overwhelmed with debt and his expenditure is twice his income." What is true of a bankrupt shopkeeper is just as true of a bankrupt nation. The song in Mr. Dalton's heart, I have always been convinced, is derived from the erroneous belief that there exists no such parallel between the individual and the nation.

S O S.—" My God, working men and women, this is the first Labour Government you have got. Don't let it fall." In this S O S spirit, the massed bands of the chief Government orators played on the emotions of the miners at the Durham gala. If the persuasion offered seemed rather on the lines of " Don't shoot the organist; he is doing his best," there was justification for the appeal. For it all goes back to coal; everything depends on coal, including the reputation of the Government, of the Foreign Secretary, of the Chancellor, of the Fuel Minister. Without a greater weekly output of coal, the minor experiment (or gamble) of the five-day week must fail. But so also must the whole major experiment of Socialist Government come crashing down in national ruin. It is not surprising that a *cri de cœur* was wrung out of silver-tongued Bevin, and that Morrison employed his raciest and most persuasive counters. The organist is highly vulnerable and is beginning to duck on his stool. For he is cutting an unusually sorry voluntary.

Mr. Wilson's Trip.

—One can sympathise with Mr. Harold Wilson, Secretary for Overseas Trade. He spent several weeks in Moscow, hard bargaining for wheat in alternate hope and despair, and it has ended in failure as regards the wheat, the price which Russia demanded being prohibitive, since we could not pay the bulk of it in the exchange of the machinery which Russia required from us; and the completion in money would indirectly become a further drain on dollars. Russia also demanded a tremendous cut in the interest rate of the spread-over repayment of credits. An agreement for the part-exchange of timber against timber-cutting machinery was already signed and had been hailed as a success. Even that is in doubt, and may go down with the wheat failure. So Mr. Wilson came home, *not* bearing his sheaves with him, only to crash and crack his ribs as his plane met the soil of England. It is to his credit that on his way to hospital he spoke a cheerful message, which contained no seasoning of bitterness or anger. Yet such a seasoning of pepper and mustard might well have been excused him in all the circumstances. For the Russian " dish " is in the nature of a Barmecide's feast

M.P.s in " Angry Scenes."—

No doubt M.P.s, like the rest of us, need a holiday. Tempers of late have been more than usually frayed, and the general reading public, who are not members of the " finest club in the world," and do not observe the combatants on the floor afterwards standing each other drinks at the other " Bar of the House," are not edified and not amused. The debate on the Lords' amendments to the Transport Bill produced a large number of these *tu quoques*, unworthy of a school debating society, in which Mr. Strauss and Mr. Barnes, Mr. Kirkwood intervening, and Mr. Elliot and Mr. M. Macmillan won for themselves and for the House a deal of undesirable publicity, cheap and nasty. Acrimony is nothing new in political debate, but somehow the brutalities of the age of " Dizzy," Gladstone and Peel stand out as a little more dignified and grown-up acrimony than the gutter-sniping of to-day. And these men represent us or our seats of learning in the Mother of Parliaments. It is a melancholy reflection. Good manners mean so very much to-day, and the ration is small and not evenly distributed. There is more at the bottom than at the top.

Anglo-Indian Refugees.—

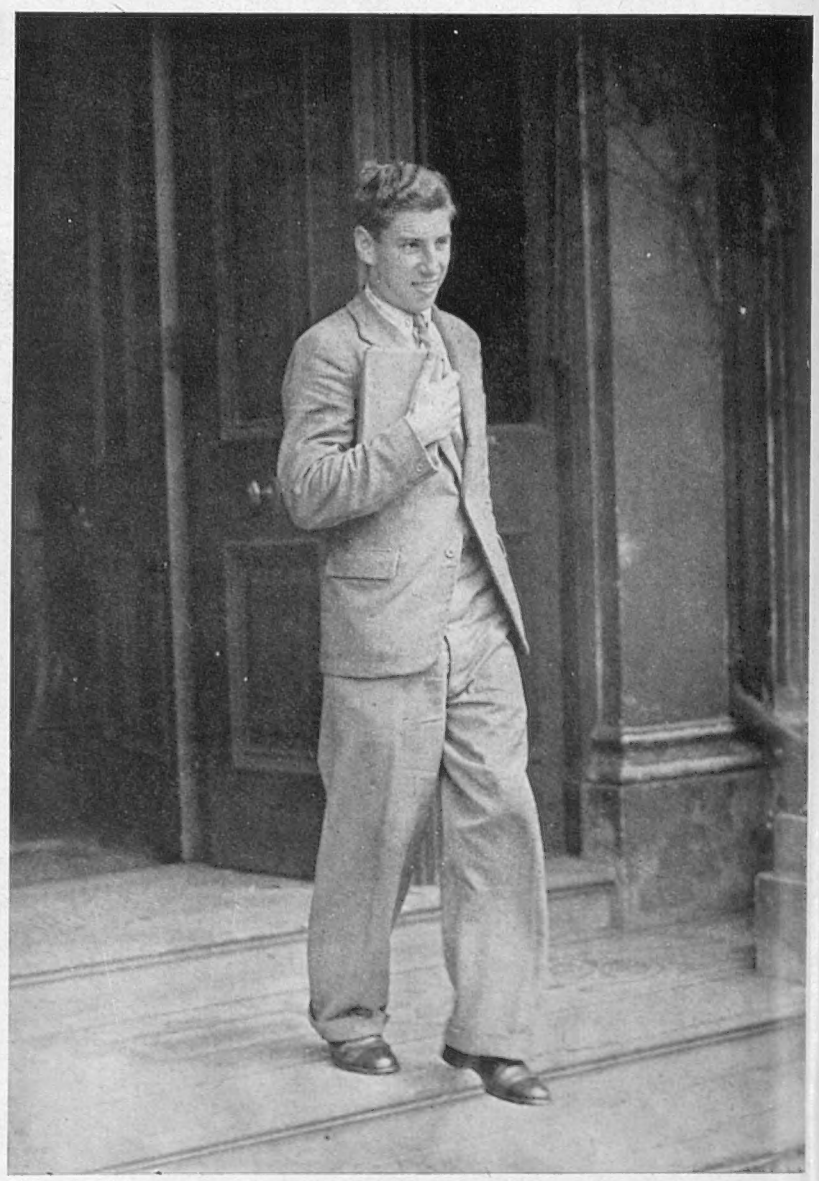
We may spare a thought and a little sympathy for some thousands of Anglo-Indian families, long settled in India, who will be returning shortly to England, without homes and without settled employment. Of old, our sympathy for the Anglo-Indian returning home was chiefly centred on the high official who, having ruled in regal state a vast territory, returned to " end his days obscurely in Brompton Square." Now we must deal with quantity, not merely " quality "; and it is a problem which will tax official administration to find homes and niches for so many worthy servants of Empire, dumped in a homeland whose ways are strange and hard. It has been officially announced that many will be " accommodated in hostels." That at its best is a depressing expedient. And if for hostel we substitute a disused and rehabilitated Army camp of hutments, as may well be, then, God knows, we shall have others beside ourselves on whom to expend a little sympathy this next winter

Glorious Goodwood.—

Goodwood is a glorious place, and next to Ascot provides perhaps the world's best racing. It is a greater draw than ever, if it affords fewer plums for the privileged. Its popularity is an embarrassment. As a meeting it is designed for 100 per cent. race-fans. It is not for the purse of most of those who like to attend for one day only and prefer on that day not to jostle among gipsies, tipsters, and light-fingered gentry. Few of us can indulge our families with one day's racing at a cost of £25 to £40. We must do it on the cheap, and we are better placed on the Trundle than in the cheap enclosure east of the Members' Enclosure. For the car-parks which serve the latter are bottlenecked and exit carries one to the outskirts of Chichester, whereas the Trundle car-parks allow one to slip away via Singleton and Midhurst. But Goodwood is still glorious for the thousands on thousands for whom banknotes are as yesterday's shillings, and there is for residents the welcome return of free polo at Cowdray after the day's racing.

The Grouse.

— Grouse prospects are rather dismal in most areas. The subject would have been widely ventilated in the Press, before the wars, at the start of the " Silly Season." Now for various causes it is of minor interest, and chiefly because of the mysterious disappearance of the grouse from many of its most popular haunts. I speak only of what I know. The occurrences on a smallish moor over which I shot regularly for forty years make it quite clear that something *new* is afoot, and that the cause of the disappearance of the grouse is due neither to a " seven-year cycle " of rise and fall nor to neglect during war (vermin and lack of burning). It is something quite new and not yet discovered. Sheep-tick may or may not be the answer. This moor is in Morayshire. Between 1906 and 1928 it averaged over 800 brace a season, its best years being 1909 (1,150 brace), 1915 (1,400 brace), 1921 (1,500 brace), 1922 (2,400 brace), 1926 (1,600 brace). After that there was a gradual but ever more sharp decline, until by 1938 parts of the moor were practically bare. Since then the grouse on this moor have virtually disappeared—as indeed they have from its much larger neighbour moors. On one of the most famous, on which bags of 4,000 to 6,000 brace were customary and regular, you could, in any of the past six years, have swept the best beats with a mile-wide line and not put up thirty birds. So this extraordinary decline set in when keepering was still efficient and has lasted too long to be accounted for on the " cycle " theory. From this area the grouse has vanished for nine years and shows little sign of returning. Why? Why did blackgame, which eighty years ago were very common in Sussex, Hants and Surrey, totally vanish from that area?



IAN BEDFORD, THE BOY BOWLER OF MIDDLESEX: This seventeen-year-old Finchley schoolboy, the discovery of R. W. V. Robins, the Middlesex captain, made his debut in County cricket in the match at Lord's between Middlesex and Essex. He marked the occasion by taking six wickets for 134 runs, but it was his manner of flighting which impressed most. Tossing the ball high in the air he mixed beautifully-flighted leg-breaks with a well-disguised googly, and in his second over he broke the opening stand. His emergence in the world of first-class cricket comes at a time when England has such a dearth of bowling talent compared with her wealth of batting talent. On page 153 of this issue Bedford is shown in action together with other members of the Middlesex team who have acquitted themselves so well during the present County cricket season

Lord Baldwin, Octogenarian.

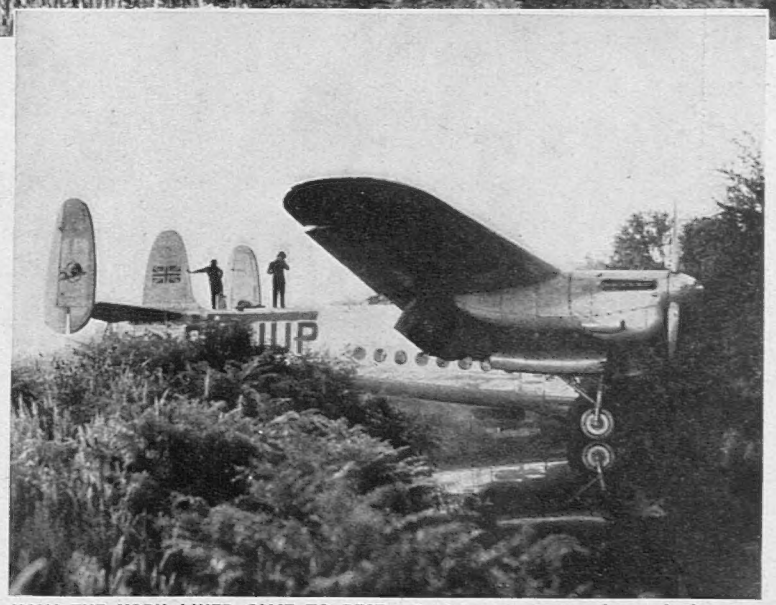
—Stanley Baldwin was born on August 3, 1867. I offer him with respect and affection my congratulations on his eightieth birthday. He is one of two ex-Premiers alive to-day; and the other takes the limelight. It has been the fashion since 1938 to cry him down. He has been charged with laziness, with lack of vision and purpose, even with cynical indifference to major dangers ahead. Leadership in a Premier is all-important. A Government is put in power to govern. Mr. Churchill's leadership is not in question. If it be otherwise with Mr. Baldwin's, Mr. Chamberlain's and Mr. Attlee's, may not the answer be that the most inspiring leadership is barren seed on stony ground, and that there is no leadership when a nation refuses to respond? In democracy we cannot have it both ways. It is no one-sided contract between governor and governed. It is essentially a solemn contract between two parties. A democratic nation such as ours can only enjoy leadership when it is in a frame of mind to respond to leadership. Mr. Churchill found a nation in that rare mood which responded to his genius. None of the other three did so. Despite the barren ground, the seeds of Mr. Baldwin's leadership twice and thrice raised an undisputed crop. Few people will deny that he handled two big issues of his premiership with a skill and firmness and nobility which connote true leadership. Who to-day would assert that Mr. Churchill would have better handled the Abdication or Mr. Attlee the General Strike? Of the latter, King George wrote to him on May 12, 1926: " This success is largely due to your own untiring patience and wise determination to abide by what you believed to be in the best and truest interests of the people by whose suffrages you have been elected to govern." And I fancy the verdict will stand. As for the former issue, I have never heard a serious criticism of Mr. Baldwin's handling of it. I offer my congratulations, therefore, to a great lover of England, to a great Englishman and a great gentleman.

THE OLD STAGER

THE DISASTROUS END OF AN UNSUCCESSFUL MISSION: The York air-liner, which brought home the Secretary for Overseas Trade and other members of the British trade delegation from Moscow, seen after it had overrun the runway at London Airport and crashed into a thick hedge, the fuselage lying astride a stream. Fire-engines and ambulances raced across the tarmac to the spot, and the airport staff assisted the injured from the wrecked plane. Mr. Harold Wilson, the Secretary for Overseas Trade, complained that he had suffered an injury to his ribs. Several members of the delegation were removed to hospital and detained for treatment. Mr. Wilson's attempt to reach a trade agreement with Moscow was not successful but, at the time of writing, it is thought possible that negotiations may be resumed. One stumbling-block to agreement, it is understood, has been the Russian request for a reduction in the interest on Britain's 1941 credits to Russia

THE MOSCOW MISSION PLANE CRASHES

THE HOLIDAY QUEUES IN LONDON



HOW THE YORK LINER CAME TO REST: Bridging a stream beyond the runway at London Airport, the plane was halted by a bank and hedge. Petrol flew in all directions as she crashed, but there was no fire

Below—The start of school holidays, the closing of many industrial establishments in the Midlands and the North, and a spell of brilliant weather caused exceptional road and rail traffic last week-end. The London termini were particularly busy, with long queues everywhere and trains leaving in several portions in order to cope with the crowds. At Paddington, where the pictures on this page were taken, the queue organisation was particularly good, and by mid-day on Saturday nearly 21,000 main-line passengers had left the station. Waterloo Station resembled a dormitory on the Friday night preceding the week-end, and 3,500 people were estimated to be sleeping on the platforms. Few trains left with any standing room

THE HOLIDAY QUEUE AT PADDINGTON—HOW THE STATION AUTHORITIES AND THE POLICE ORGANISED THE WEEK-END RUSH TO SEASIDE AND COUNTRYSIDE: *Left* and *right*—Two views of the great queue which stretched up Eastbourne Terrace and wound back into the Praed Street approach. The system of queue regulation worked well, and only for five minutes last Saturday was it necessary to stop the flow of people into the station. Similar scenes were witnessed at Waterloo, Euston and Victoria. The Victoria queue was at one period six deep and three miles long

THE "QUEEN MARY" "SHAKES DOWN"

And Meets Her Sister-Ship in the Solent

THE "QUEEN MARY" SALUTES HER SISTER-SHIP IN COWES ROADS—BLOWING CLOUDS OF SMOKE FROM HER THREE FUNNELS SHE GREETS THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH" AS THE LATTER SETS OUT FOR NEW YORK: The "Queen Mary" had just returned from a 60-hour "shake-down" cruise in the Western Approaches, taking with her 500 guests of the Cunard White Star Company. On Thursday of this week she was scheduled to depart for the United States on her first post-war voyage on the regular Atlantic run, and from now on she will maintain an express shuttle service with the "Queen Elizabeth"

THE WORLD'S SECOND LARGEST LINER: The 81,200-ton "Queen Mary," now refitted for peacetime service, seen in Cowes Roads after her "shake-down" cruise, a trial trip preceding her first post-war Atlantic voyage

Of the two great Cunard White Star liners, both of which raced past the U-boats during the war carrying tens of thousands of troops over vast distances, the *Queen Elizabeth* was the first to be released and converted for passenger duty. She made her maiden voyage to New York last November. Now the *Queen Mary* joins her on the Western Ocean, and with the two luxury ships running an express shuttle service. Britain for the time being monopolises the luxury travel between Europe and North America. The reconversion of the *Queen Mary* has been done at Southampton by a team of craftsmen from Clydebank, and, if anything, she is even more luxurious than in the days before the war

The ROYAL FAMILY VISIT the HOME FLEET

The King and Queen, the Princesses, and Lieutenant Mountbatten Spend Two Days Among the Ships in the Clyde Estuary

THE KING ABOUT TO EMBARK AT PRINCES PIER, GREENOCK: His Majesty accompanied by Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Dalrymple-Hamilton, Flag Officer Commanding Rosyth, at the start of his visit to the Fleet anchored in the Clyde. The visit lasted two days, and was the climax of the Royal tour of Scotland

ABOARD THE ROYAL BARGE IN THE CLYDE ESTUARY: The King and Queen with Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Dalrymple-Hamilton, Flag Officer Commanding Rosyth. The Queen is waving to the crowd which gathered on Princes Pier to see them sail. As the Royal barge approached the Fleet, the battleships, carriers and cruisers gave the Navy's traditional welcome for its Sovereign, a salute of 21 guns

THE KING IS PIPED ABOARD THE BATTLESHIP "ANSON": His Majesty pays a visit to the flagship of Rear-Admiral H. Hickling, flag officer of the training battle squadron. Rear-Admiral Hickling was host to the Royal party on the first day of the visit to the Fleet, entertaining them to luncheon in "Anson." Later the Royal party went aboard the carrier "Illustrious" and saw a display of some of the latest naval aircraft

THE PRINCESSES AND LIEUT. PHILIP MOUNTBATTEN VISIT THE TRAINING SQUADRON OF THE HOME FLEET: They are being piped aboard H.M.S. "Anson" following the arrival of the King and Queen

Battleships, cruisers, aircraft-carriers and destroyers, most of them vessels which had been showing the flag in foreign ports during July, were assembled in the Clyde Estuary last week for the King's two-day visit to the Home Fleet. On the first day five ships were visited, and the great event was a march-past of 1,800 men on the deck of the carrier *Illustrious*. On the second day there was a Royal procession through the lines of the King's ships, a triumphant progress of 15 miles between more than 100 vessels gay with bunting and manned by cheering bluejackets. On the following two pages will be found further pictures relating to the Royal visit

1,800 MEN MARCH PAST ON THE FLIGHT-DECK OF H.M.S. "ILLUSTRIOUS": This was the scene aboard the 23,000-ton carrier, nameship of her class, as detachments from various ships went in single file past the King, who occupied a dais near the stern and facing the band. The march-past took place on the first day of the Royal Family's visit to the Home Fleet

The ROYAL VISIT to the HOME FLEET (cont.)

THE KING INSPECTING DIVISIONS IN H.M.S. "DUKE OF YORK": His Majesty walking down the ranks. In front of the Queen is Captain Evans-Lombe, captain of the flagship, and following Her Majesty is Admiral Syfret, Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet

ATTENDING A DEMONSTRATION BY THE MEN OF THE DESTROYER "AISNE": The King and Queen, the Princesses and Lieut. Philip Mountbatten saw the display from the Home Fleet flagship, "Duke of York," and for the occasion the Battle-class destroyer was brought alongside. The display was as realistic as any mock action can ever be, and showed how the "Aisne" could repulse four kinds of aircraft attack. The high-level bombers were repulsed by the radar-directed 4·5 armament, and afterwards the ship's Bofors guns dealt with a close-range attack delivered by rocket-firing planes. A realistic fire in the superstructure and flooding gave an opportunity for the repair parties to show their paces at pump-rigging. When the radar screen indicated the All Clear a casualty was lowered from the bridge

WATCHING A SUBMARINE DISPLAY—THE ROYAL FAMILY INTENT ON THE DEMONSTRATION BY H.M.S. "TIPTOE," WHICH THEY VIEWED FROM A POM-POM EMPLACEMENT IN H.M.S. "MAIDSTONE": Princess Elizabeth and Lieut. Philip Mountbatten are standing just in front of Lord Hall, the First Lord of the Admiralty. The demonstration was explained by Vice-Admiral J. M. Mansfield, Flag Officer Submarines, who wears his flag in "Maidstone," a depot ship of 8,900 tons. The "Maidstone" is really a floating workshop, having a foundry, a coppersmiths', plumbers', and carpenters' shops, electrical and torpedo repair shops, and a plant for charging submarine batteries. She has a heavier armament than any other depot ship previously built

ON BOARD THE CARRIER "VENGEANCE"—THE KING TAKES THE SALUTE OF THE MEN OF THE PORTSMOUTH, PLYMOUTH AND NORE COMMANDS, AND AFTERWARDS INSPECTS THIS MODERN LIGHT CARRIER OF THE COLOSSUS CLASS: *Left*—The march-past with the King standing on a special saluting dais beneath the superstructure, and (*right*) the Royal Family descending in the lift after the march-past. The lift often plays a major part in aircraft-carrier ceremonial, and it is customary for the captain to arrive at Sunday Divisions by this route. It will be noted that the Royal Family and their entourage are standing at attention

ON the PATH of the CONQUISTADORS

A Briton Returns to Little-known Central and South America

By FERDINAND TUOHY

ONE marked difference between the early post-war years 1919-21 and the corresponding period since 1945 is discernible in the freedom with which one re-travelled the world then—and when I say "one" I mean the ordinary mortal—and the clogged and prohibitory conditions of to-day.

Liner traffic, emigration, pleasure cruises, globe-trotting, tramp steamer—all were going again a couple of years after World War I. The most incisive comment on the present is the attempt to add to the trickle of emigration—by air!

It follows that people who do manage to get around to odd places are listened to with heightened interest on their return. A lucky fellow I have had my eye on for some time is Mr. Frank Kenyon, who ranges widely for his Dukinfield engineering firm. "Where are you back from now?" is the standard greeting, and this time he answered "Central America."

"Oh," he added, "and the United States and Canada." It emerged that he had flown 40,000 miles in seven months between arctic and tropical Americas, that he prefers the medium Lockheed carrying fifteen to twenty passengers, and that, but for air transport, it would all have taken him heaven knows how long. I thought of Sir Alan Cobham's pioneer air-routeing round the world in the mid-'twenties, the value of it to a later generation, that he so rightly foresaw.

Slim, fit and fortyish, Kenyon is built for all climates and he gets them on his air-trotting. A linguist, musician and intellectual, he is temperamentally adjusted to rapid change in the human species and "way of life." It is not all oil and engineering with this I.P.—as I suppose he could be termed, for the right of way he gets from that dark forest of figures, H.M.'s Treasury. On this occasion part of Kenyon's mission took him to Central America for the Council of British Manufacturers of Petrol Equipment—a tour of inspection of oilfields and refineries to compare changed working conditions and other differences, and their effect on the type of equipment needed. Much of the journey is more accurately described as being over the northern corner of South America.

The Dutch islands of Aruba and Curaçao now simply exist round their huge oil installations, whose fumes have extinguished the little oranges that originally gave Curaçao its liqueur fame. Arid landscape except for trees bent by a constant north-east wind—it doesn't sound any more alluring than the *papamiento* dialect composed of *papier-mâché* Negro, Dutch, Portuguese, Spanish and English. Descadera Bay, the oil companies' relaxing beach, must be mighty popular.

Kenyon found Trinidad "the ideal tropical isle," but "showing great wastage of natural resources." Except for oil and sugar-cane, everything is growing wild amid an amazing fertility. Not surprising that Robinson Crusoe found life abundant at Tobago. It is now a residential suburb of Port-of-Spain, but that doesn't hinder such freak growths as 600 grapefruits on a single tree.

Trinidad is experiencing a time of perturbation owing to neglect. A Constitution Reform Committee is afoot. Meanwhile, Isaiah Butler fans race hatred, which comes easily to an over-drinking native element. "Trinidad's Indians are better seen doing the Calypso. This is improvised Negro singing to a rumba rhythm. A leader accompanies, the others join in. There are competitions in invention-as-you-go."

Venezuela means "Little Venice," which is what the founding fathers from Spain discerned along the steaming coast. Centuries later came a substitute label:

"There's a saying that Ecuador is a convent, Colombia an academy, and Venezuela a barracks. Well, that's now a bit hard. Most of these republics have more or less of the police state. Venezuelans are chauvinistic collectively and they ram home their authority by having one re-inoculated, though my veins had received a rare assortment before I left England. Yet the fact is—they have advanced in higher education to a point of challenging Colombian enlightenment. Venezuela now has three universities and its first women M.P.s. Wages have shot up and there's an astonishing improvement in the natives' clothing and nourishment. I noticed it particularly in the oil camps inland, where you find settlements of anything from 200 to 5,000 under polyglot direction, British, Americans, French, Dutch, Swiss, Venezuelan.

"Transport is the main cause of the betterment. Motor roads and airways. Caracas, the elegant capital, is only six miles inland, and only 4,000 ft. up, yet you cross 22 miles of mountain roads to get to it. As for day-to-day reliance on aircraft, I have had pre-conquest types from the jungle sitting beside me. These Indians take it as quite normal, though they are capable of shooting poisoned arrows at you if you venture into their corner of the jungle. At least one tribe, the Motilone, is known to do so.

"Venezuelans are hard bargain-drivers but individually friendly. The old Spanish influence lingers decisively. No new civilisation has made any inroad on it. Maybe that's one reason the national dancing is so entrancing. The dancing girls of Caracas are among the finest natural dancers I've ever seen. And very good-looking, too. Another sight not to be missed is the Joropo danced by wild horsemen from the Orinoco, along with their black Sambas girls.

"Delightful Maracaibo boasts an oil curiosity. Its big lake covers rich oil-bearing lands and you see hundreds of derricks far out in the water, pumping from the lake bottom."

Colombia, third biggest country in South America, has a population of 8,000,000, and sounds quite a place. Kenyon turned the memory fondly over.

"To begin with, it's so handy climatically. 'Go inland with a thermometer,' advises the adage, 'and when the temperature is what you want, stay there.' There are no seasons and the climate is steady. On the coast it's tropical, and as you mount it becomes cooler and more exhilarating. As you ascend to the high plateau, you come across lovely old Spanish towns which might have stepped out of the sixteenth century. These isolated places retain everything Spanish and have a colour, culture and ease that have almost gone from the earth. Not a scrap of antagonism to the *mestizos* (mixed Indian blood), though whites have to be wary about 150,000 scattered aboriginals. Many roam the cold, black *paramos*, above which tower the Cordilleras with their wheeling giant condors.

"Such is the glorious drop-scene to lovely Bogotá, the capital, and itself 9,000 ft. up. One soon knows it. I gasped for breath after at first taking the hotel stairs too quickly. Lying on a beautiful savanna surrounded by eucalyptus trees, Bogotá is architecturally a marriage of old Spain and modern Paris. In fact, there's a Parisian note throughout. Education and culture are Parisian, with two universities, four theatres, an opera house and a first-class municipal orchestra.

"Restaurants are excellent. Temel is famous throughout South and Central America. The superb heapings of everything! The biggest oysters ever, and guinea-fowl done in a dozen succulent ways. And good wine from Chile. Most of these countries rather unnaturally drink beer and native spirits, the reason being that the conquering Spaniards forbade the planting of vines lest they should compete with the homeland. Over Chilean wine is the time to watch Colombians dance the Porro—a tango style. Colombians are much under the Catholic Church, like nearly all these republics. I detected there a greater freedom of the masses, with girls going to movies and dance-halls.

"By the way, I found our Embassy staff on its toes. Colombia has great natural riches and a future. But Spanish is essential for the settler.

"My chief thrill came at the end, from Cartagena, romantic old seaport. Its Moorish places and private houses, with their inner patios and fountains, can scarcely have changed since Drake rode by, bound for the plundering of La Plata."

Ecuador is very subject to convent and monastery influences. Quito, the mountain capital, is a smaller edition of Bogotá. The Andes and their active, snow-capped volcanoes dominate Ecuador. Large coastal and forest regions remain untrodden since the Maya civilisation, A.D. 68. Some two million whites, Indians, and *mestizos* are strewn in equal proportions over incredibly wild country. Emigrants are wanted for the highlands, where cocoa is chiefly grown. Kenyon found the going rather grim.

"I went into the jungle for the Oriente oilfields, and have never known such a frightening country to fly over. Its knife-edged mountains below fairly unnerve one. Once we flew by a shepherd standing level with our plane. We were both at 14,000 ft. Surely a land-air record for meetings!"

After the old-world delights of Colombia, Panama quickly palled. The Canal Zone is "like a sweltering corner of Texas," and negro Panama City the roughest house anywhere near the Equator, once U.S. sailors start on bad whisky and good rum.

"Costa Rica and Nicaragua haven't much oil, so I didn't stop. Their capitals, San José and Managua, are modern, elegant, prosperous and happy-looking places, although Managua has a horrid volcano that spits hot stones and ash. I know; I had to run from an eruption, 16,000 ft. up Mexico's Popocatepetl.

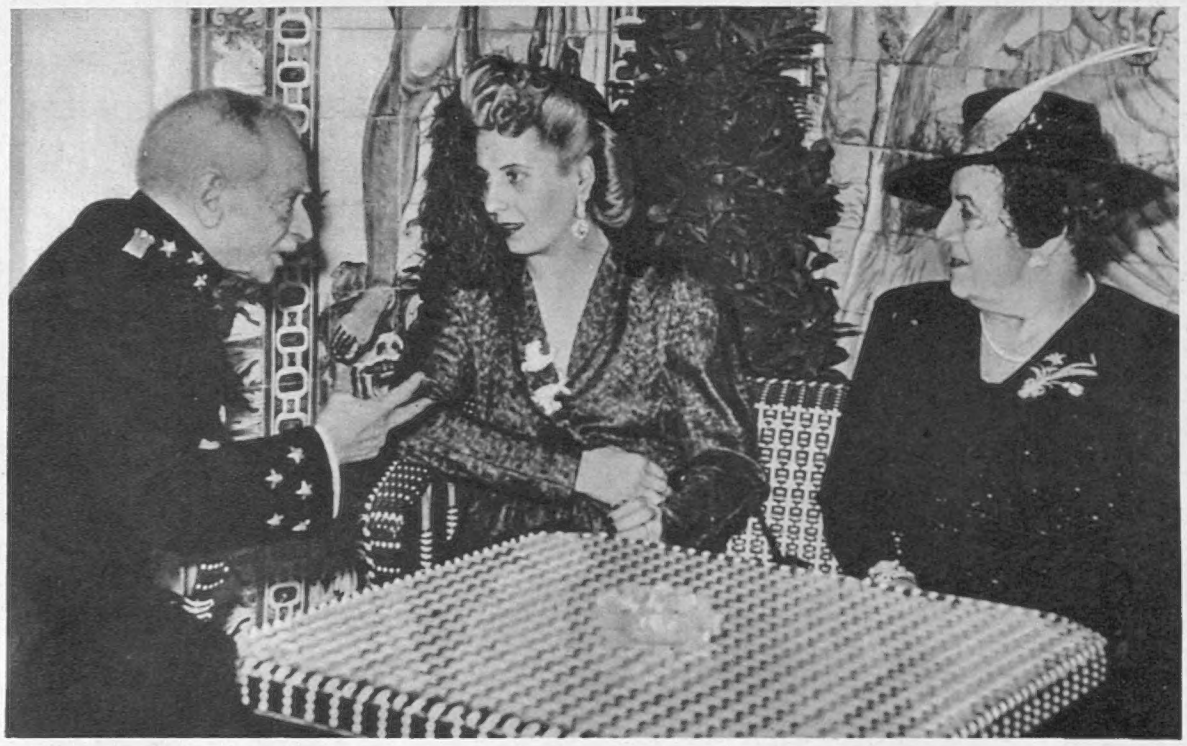
"These little republics are governed by a distinct ruling class. They are very wealthy, thanks to Mexico and the States taking all the agricultural produce they offer. Costa Rica holds the Hemispheric record for peace and prosperity—just one little *coup d'état* since Bolivar's day. That was in 1917."

Costa Rica first attracted Columbus's attention because of the size of the natives' gold ear-rings. It was called after them—*Costa de Oreja*. So its immunity has been pretty lucky.

Guatemala is the most populous State in Central America. It has 3,000,000, including Indians with more aboriginal habits than anywhere else. The little country is as colourful as its national emblem, the Quetzal bird.

Mexico has been too written up to detain us. Kenyon was struck by "the dignity and hospitality of the Mexican, in which the taximan vies with the old Señor.

"Their courtesy and charm have to be seen to be believed. But when a Mexican gets roused. . . . I never thought I'd see a matador leave his bull and jump over the barricade to beat up a spectator who'd been barracking him—but I did!"



SEÑORA PERON IN LISBON—THE WIFE OF THE ARGENTINE PRESIDENT MEETS MARSHAL CARMONA, PRESIDENT OF THE PORTUGUESE REPUBLIC, AND HIS WIFE: Señora Peron, whose European tour has taken her to Spain, Italy, the Holy See, Portugal and France, but not, as originally anticipated, to London, has been the guest of the Portuguese Government for several days. When this picture was taken President Carmona was visiting the Señora at her Lisbon hotel. President Carmona, now in his seventy-eighth year, assumed the office of President nineteen years ago after having already been Portugal's Premier and virtual dictator

DUTCH REINFORCEMENTS LEAVE FOR INDONESIA: Military police prevent relatives from climbing aboard a troop train as it enters the Rotterdam dock area. The last good-byes must be said at the station, and no passes are issued to the troopships. Since the British left Indonesia the Dutch have been steadily building up their military strength. Towards the end of July they launched a full-scale offensive against the Indonesians, and it was evident that their plan of campaign was to divide Java in two. The Dutch claimed that they were "adopting police measures of a strictly limited character," but it was noted that they used planes to help them in the subsequent battle

THE BREAKDOWN IN INDONESIA

The Dutch Launch an Offensive Against the Republicans

What has been happening in Indonesia? That is a question that not even Mr. Bevin was able to answer fully in the House of Commons last week, for the fog of war still hangs upon the battlefields of Java. What is certain is that the brief truce between the Dutch and the Indonesians, who agreed last March on an eventual co-partnership between the United States of Indonesia and the Netherlands, has been brought to an end by a Dutch attack upon the Indonesian strongholds in Java. The Dutch have attacked because they say the Indonesian Republicans have not kept their side of the bargain, particularly as regards the policing of the interior, and have permitted continual acts of violence. The Indonesians, raising the cry of Dutch Imperialism and calling their people to arms, are hoping to rally world opinion, and the former Prime Minister, Dr. Sjahrir, slipping the Dutch air blockade, was reported last week to be en route to India and Europe

HE SLIPPED FROM OFFICE AND THEN SLIPPED THE BLOCKADE: Dr. Sultan Sjahrir (right), with the President of Indonesia, Dr. Soekarno, at the presidential mansion in Jogjokarta. Just after this picture was taken Dr. Sjahrir handed over the Premiership and Dr. Soekarno appointed him Presidential adviser

A CHANGE OF POLICY IN JAVA WHICH IMMEDIATELY PRECEDED THE DUTCH ATTACK UPON INDONESIAN POSITIONS: Dr. Soekarno (left), the Indonesian President, seen at the Presidential mansion in Jogjokarta as he handed credentials to Dr. Amir Sjarifuddin, the new Prime Minister, who was summoned to office after the fall of Dr. Sultan Sjahrir. Dr. Sjahrir resigned from office under pressure resulting from criticism of his policy of moderation with the Dutch authorities. It was stated in Jogjokarta that he had made concessions to the Dutch which went beyond the limit of the March Agreement. Dr. Sjahrir still remained in the Indonesian capital, being nominated as Dr. Soekarno's adviser, but the moment the Dutch attacked the Republicans Dr. Soekarno sent him to India, via Singapore, in order to explain Indonesia's case and to seek world support

INDONESIANS TOOK THIS AS A SIGN OF WEAKNESS: Dr. Setiadjit, former Deputy Premier of Indonesia, handing to Dr. Van Mook (centre), Acting Governor-General in Batavia, the crucial note agreeing to Netherlands demands. It was this note that led to the fall of Dr. Sjahrir and his deputy, and the institution of a firmer policy by Dr. Soekarno

GENERAL SOEDIRMAN, THE THIRTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD COMMANDER OF THE INDONESIAN ARMED FORCES: A staff officer standing at his side points out to the General the latest Dutch troop locations. During the Japanese occupation, General Soedirman worked with the Japanese organised Heihos

ALL PALS TOGETHER! This picture was taken at a Bastille Day party in Batavia and shows Dr. Amir Sjarifuddin, the newly-appointed Indonesian Premier after the fall of Dr. Sjahrir, Dr. Van Mook, the Dutch Acting Governor-General, Mr. Van Hoogstraten, Dutch Director of Economic Affairs in the East Indies, and Mr. A. K. Gani, the new Deputy Prime Minister of Indonesia. It was almost immediately after this that the Dutch and Indonesians were at loggerheads

ANOTHER FLARE-UP in PALESTINE

And Other News from Foreign Countries Shown in Pictures

THREE BRITISH CONSTABLES WERE INJURED IN THIS VEHICLE WHEN TROUBLE FLARED UP AGAIN IN JERUSALEM LAST WEEK: A mine exploded under this armoured car which was patrolling the city streets. There were similar attacks in many parts of Palestine

INJURED BY A ROAD MINE: Police-Constable Avison receiving attention at a Jerusalem medical centre after his armoured car had been blown up. This was on the first day of the renewed outbreak of terrorism which was particularly serious both in Haifa and Jerusalem

The renewed outbreak of terrorism throughout Palestine is directly attributable to the interception of the illegal immigrant ship *President Warfield*. When the Jewish population in Tel Aviv, Haifa, Nathanya and Jerusalem heard that there had been casualties in the fight between the boarding-party and the immigrants, reprisals were instituted throughout the Holy Land, Army vehicles being blown up by land mines and twenty-three casualties inflicted, mainly upon the British military and the police. The kidnapping of two N.C.O.s at Nathanya was a particularly grave feature of the outbreak. These acts of terrorism coincided with the departure of the United Nations Palestine Committee. At Haifa a dusk-to-dawn curfew had to be imposed during the burial of the immigrants killed in the affray aboard the *President Warfield*.

THE ATTACK ON BRITISH TROOPS SOUTH OF NATHANYA: An Arab truck passing the scene of the road-mining and the wreckage of the British military lorry. One of our soldiers was killed and two others were injured. The wreckage was strewn over an area of a hundred yards

THE CAFÉ REMON AT NATHANYA WHERE TWO BRITISH N.C.O.S AND A JEW WERE KIDNAPPED: This picture was taken on the following day, when many of the younger inhabitants of Nathanya had been taken off in Army trucks for an identity check at screening centres. The Jew who was captured at the same time as the British soldiers was later found in an orange grove, unconscious as a result of a beating-up. Nathanya is a diamond-cutting centre on the road between Haifa and Tel Aviv

MAJOR-GENERAL GALE ARRIVES AT NATHANYA: The Commander of the 1st Armoured Division (centre) discusses the situation with Lieut.-Colonel Campbell (right), of the Welsh Guards, and two other officers on arrival at Nathanya to make a personal investigation following the kidnapping of N.C.O.s. at the Café Remon

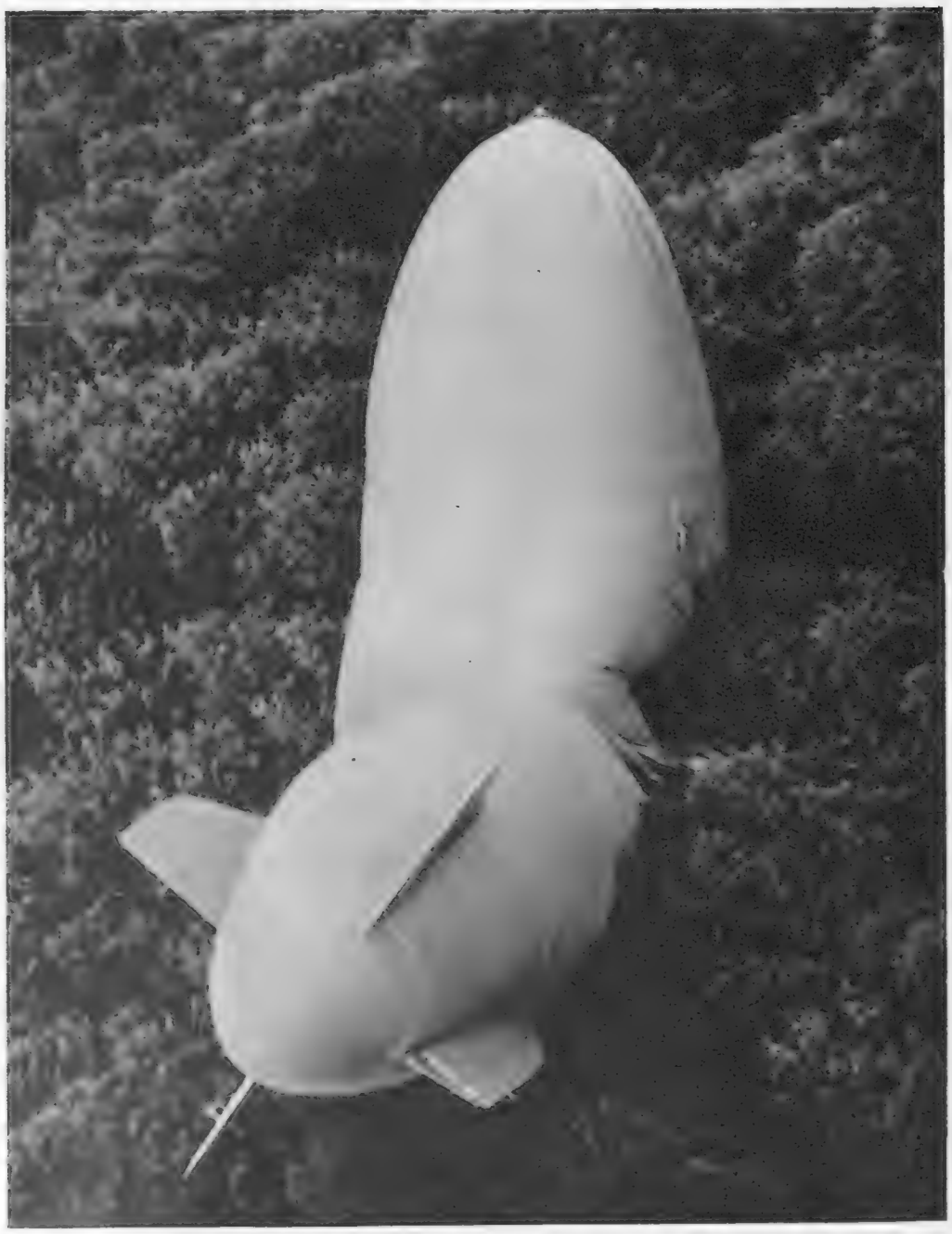
BRITISH WOMEN MILITARY POLICE PATROL THE STREETS OF BERLIN : Lance-Corporal Joan Leopold, of Westcliff-on-Sea, and Lance-Corporal Joan Mansell, of Redcar, walking down the Kurfurstendamm. They are followed closely by two male members of the Military Police. There are now four women red-caps in Berlin and they are always shadowed by their escorts. Their main jobs are searching German female prisoners and preventing the illegal entry of German girls into British clubs

LOS QUINTILLIZOS ARGENTINOS CUMPLIERON 4 ANOS : In other words, the famous Argentine quins are now four years old, and a good-looking lot they are, too. The Dillgentis, for that is their name, are seen looking into a mirror at their Buenos Aires home, and they appear to be quite complacent about what they see. The boys are called Carlos Alberto and Franquito, and the girls are Fernanda, Esther and Christina

THE STRANGE CASE OF FATHER JOSEPH STRAKA : Father Straka is a Slovakian Catholic priest, and more than that, he is the General-Director of Catholic Cultural Affairs in the Czechoslovak School system. He is an openly acknowledged member of the Communist Party, and despite the attitude of the Vatican towards the movement, Father Straka maintains that he in no way violates church principles. He is seen in this picture talking to Sister Humilitas, a religious teacher in the Bratislava schools

HE WALKED SEVEN MILES TO MEET HIS LEADER : Ninety-five-year-old Paddy Connelly, of Innismore, oldest inhabitant of the Aran Islands, greeting Mr. de Valera when he paid a visit to the island group

EAMON DE VALERA HEARS THE OFFICIAL WELCOME OF THE MEN AND WOMEN OF ARAN : The Prime Minister of Eire, wearing a homespun sports outfit consisting of a white bawneen jacket and blue trousers, listens as one of the citizens of Aran reads the official address. Mr. de Valera made his tour of the islands in the corvette "Macha," and received a great welcome from the inhabitants. This is the first time since he came to power that he has been able to pay an official visit to Aran, although he has many times campaigned in the counties of the west—the source of much of his power



THE STRANGE EXPERIENCES OF A UNITED STATES NAVAL BLIMP: This 250-ft. aircraft, the K99, seen after it had come to grief in wooded country north of Eureka, California, was engaged in a photographic mission for the Bureau of Marine Fisheries. When flying 150 ft. above the Pacific with eleven passengers and crew, the K99 was caught in a down-draught and hit the water. Passengers and crew scrambled into a rubber life-raft, and, relieved of their weight, the blimp rose immediately and floated away, only to come to grief a second time among the woods

From BLIMPS and BALLOONS to TURBO-JETS

Some Contrasts in the World of Aviation

DIVING INTO THE ATLANTIC FROM A BLIMP: This was a dramatic moment for Joe Hackeny, the veteran American diver, and for thousands of holiday-makers at Atlantic City, New Jersey, as he plunged into the water from a blimp flying at 150 ft. He is seen just after the start of his half-Gaynor dive. Waiting to pick him up was a lifeboat manned by representatives of the National Lifeguards

Both blimps and airships are much in the news in America. Two blimps, one on the Atlantic and one on the Pacific coast, recently achieved the headlines, the former providing a diving platform for forty-eight-year-old Joe Hackeny, who showed his skill to the Atlantic City crowds, and the latter attracting attention by reason of its antics while engaged on a photographic survey off Cape Mendocino, California. A certain tyre and rubber company has its own fleet of blimps, and these, believe it or not, are equipped with electric sirens which, we are told, play their part at publicity displays. The rigid airship is also returning to favour, and President Truman's Air Co-Ordination Committee in Washington is the latest official body to outline the advantages of this mode of travel

AT MILAN'S TWENTY-FIFTH INTERNATIONAL FAIR—THIS PUSHER-TYPE PLANE, MADE BY ALAPARMA, OF PARMA, ATTRACTED ADMIRING ATTENTION AMONG THE VISITORS AND INDICATED THE CURRENT TREND OF AIRCRAFT CONSTRUCTION IN POST-WAR ITALY: The twin-boomed two-seater is capable of a speed of 155 kilometres per hour and is extremely economical to fly. In some ways it is reminiscent of the new Fokker Promoter at the recent Brussels air show

THE BRUSSELS AERONAUTICAL SHOW—BELGIAN BALLOONS BEING INFLATED PRIOR TO THE START OF A RACE HELD TO MARK THE INAUGURATION OF THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION AT THE CINQUANTCENTAIRE PALAIS: Apart from the Americans the show did not attract as big an international entry as was anticipated, and this year most of the exhibits were aircraft in the private-owner class. In the forefront of the exhibits were American light aircraft, including the Navion, the Piper Super-Cruiser and the much-admired Cessna. These were not just prestige exhibits, but a reflection of the fact that Belgium is very much in the aviation markets with large dollar credits, which result no doubt from the fact that in the Congo she is a big uranium producer. In addition to the balloon race, the show was further publicised by an aeronautical gala, colloquially known as La Meeting de Bruxelles, at the Evere Airfield

THE GLOSTER METEOR WITH TURBINE-DRIVEN AIRSCREWS—THE BRITISH RECORD-BREAKER MAKES FURTHER HISTORY: This Meteor is powered by two Rolls-Royce Trent motors, developed from the Derwent, and it is the first aircraft to fly solely by aero turbines driving propellers—a method of propulsion for which a great future is anticipated. The power of the Trent-Meteor is derived from a combination of the forces of the Rotol five-bladed propellers and the thrust from the jet pipes. It is not intended that this fighter will go into production; it is purely an experimental aircraft for research in turbine-driven propellers which will also be used in passenger liners of the future. It has already been decided that the giant Brabazon II, the so-called "Queen Mary" of the skies now completing at Filton, near Bristol, shall be equipped with turbine-driven airscrews. She will have eight motors

WHERE FURTHER ROMAN EXCAVATIONS ARE TO TAKE PLACE—THE CRIPPLEGATE AREA OF THE CITY OF LONDON, A PANORAMIC VIEW FROM THE REGION OF TO-DAY: Most of the buildings in busy Cripplegate were burnt to the ground when the Luftwaffe rained incendiaries on the City, and there was insufficient made for Roman remains, as it has been done near Fenchurch Street and in other areas. Cripplegate once formed the North Wall of the Roman fortress of

SEARCHING FOR ROMAN LONDON

Tracing the Ancient City's North Wall Amid the Devastation of Cripplegate: and Other City News

Taking advantage of the blitzed sites excavators have been at work for over a year past searching for remains of Roman London. They have added a little to our knowledge and they are now turning to a new area, the North Wall in Cripplegate, and it is believed that it will also yield vital archæological information.

A NEW AND UNUSUAL USE FOR A BOMBED SITE IN THE CITY: In Jewry Street, Aldgate, student sculptors from the Sir John Cass Technical Institute are working on stone from blitzed buildings under the direction of Mr. Bainbridge Copnall (right), their headmaster. They work daily from 10 a.m. until 8 p.m. Already, one figure, carved on this site, has been exhibited at the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition. City workers have become accustomed to such unexpected use of the many devastated areas. Recently "The Sphere" published pictures of a garden, cultivated out of such a plot in Gresham Street, while the activities of the archæological investigators are to be seen in many areas

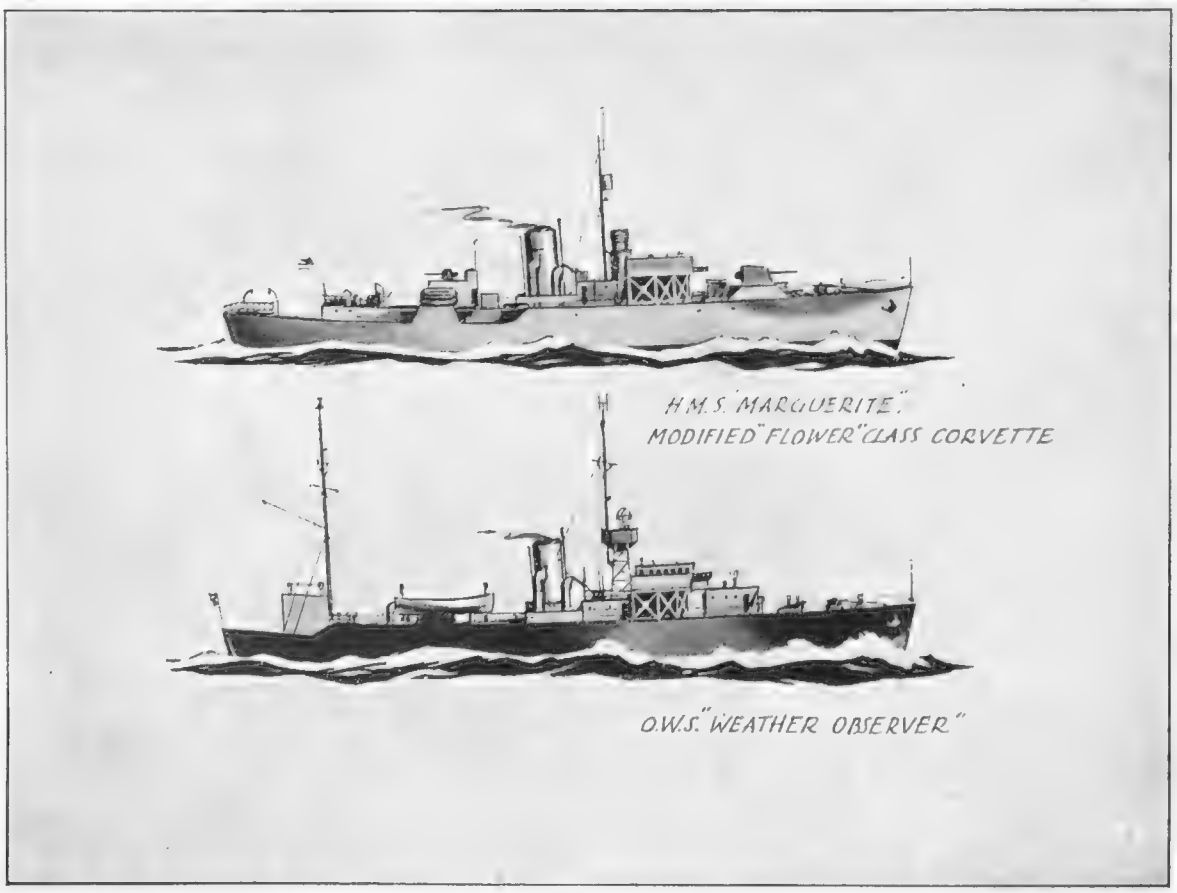
THE HEADMASTER AND A SPANISH REFUGEE STUDENT AT WORK IN JEWRY STREET: Mr. Bainbridge Copnall and Spanish refugee Alberdi are engaged on a male figure 6 ft. 4 ins. high, which weighs nearly 4 tons

ST. PAUL'S SHOWING ONE OF THE WORST DEVASTATED PARTS OF THE CAPITAL AS IT IS London which was attacked and devastated by the forces of Queen Boadicea water to cope with the great conflagration. Before rebuilding commences a search is to be

THE LORD MAYOR INAUGURATES A NEW TRAFFIC CONTROL SYSTEM IN THE CITY—SIR BRACEWELL SMITH SWITCHES THE SYSTEM INTO OPERATION AT THE BANK CROSSING : This busy City intersection is used by about 35,000 vehicles every twelve hours, and it has long been known as the Bank Complex. The new vehicle-actuated signals, designed by the Automatic Telephone and Electric Company, give a priority period for vehicles passing along the main through routes in order to promote the maximum flow. Similar adjustments, it may be remembered, were made in Piccadilly earlier in the year

THIS IS WHAT THEY CALLED THE "BANK COMPLEX" : A typical scene of congestion in the City before the introduction of the new signals

THE TRAFFIC NOW FLOWS EVENLY AND THE LOT OF THE POLICE OFFICER IS LIGHTENED : A scene in the City at a time usually marked by congestion. Traffic taking the left fork leads to Liverpool Street and Broad Street Stations, and the flow in that direction and from that direction is always markedly heavy. To-day it has a priority imparted by the newly-installed automatic timing device



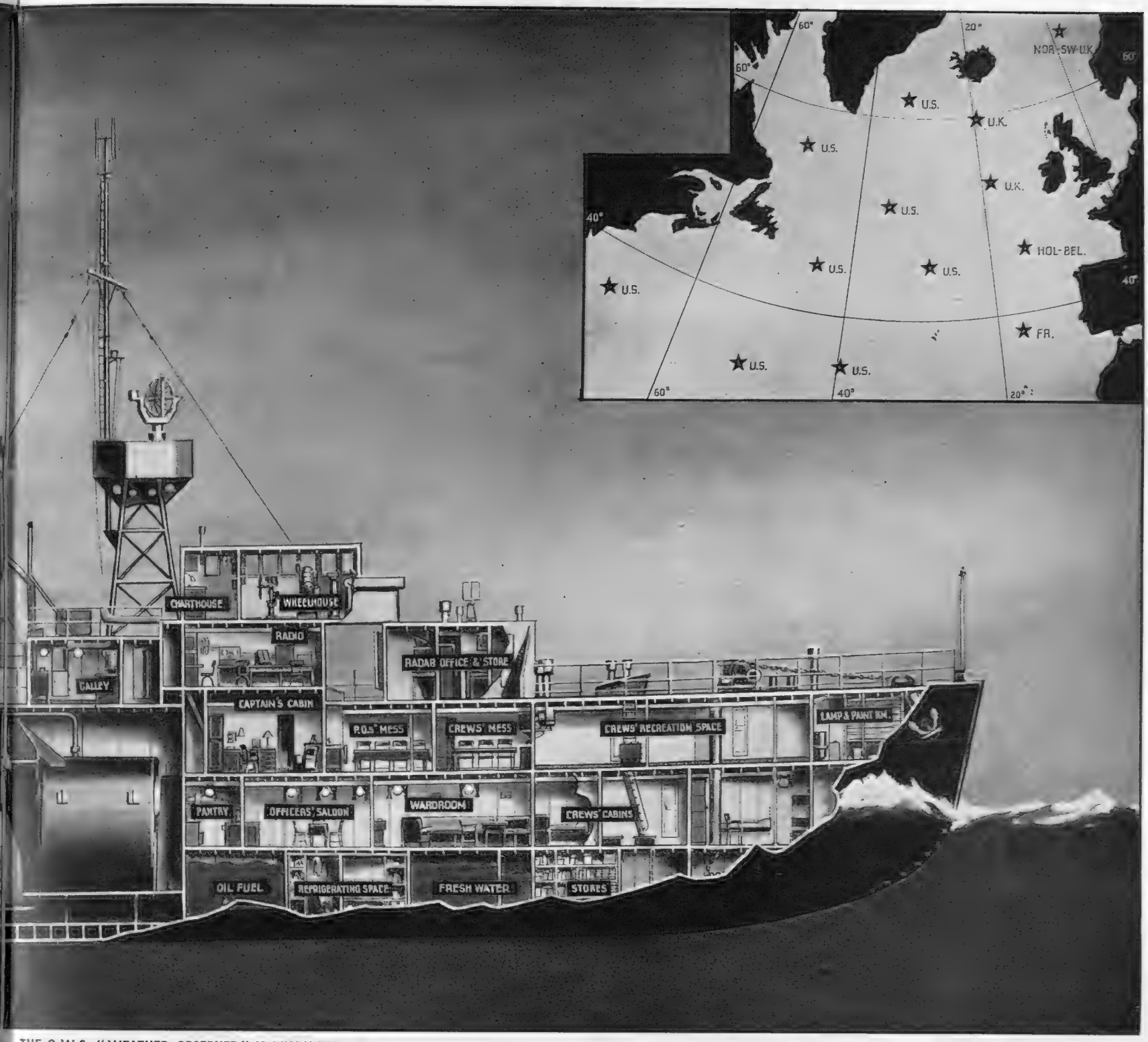
THE WEATHER-SHIPS TAKE STATION

The Vessels which will Anchor in the Atlantic to Provide all Nations with Meteorological Information and Navigational Aids

(Drawings by Laurence Dunn)

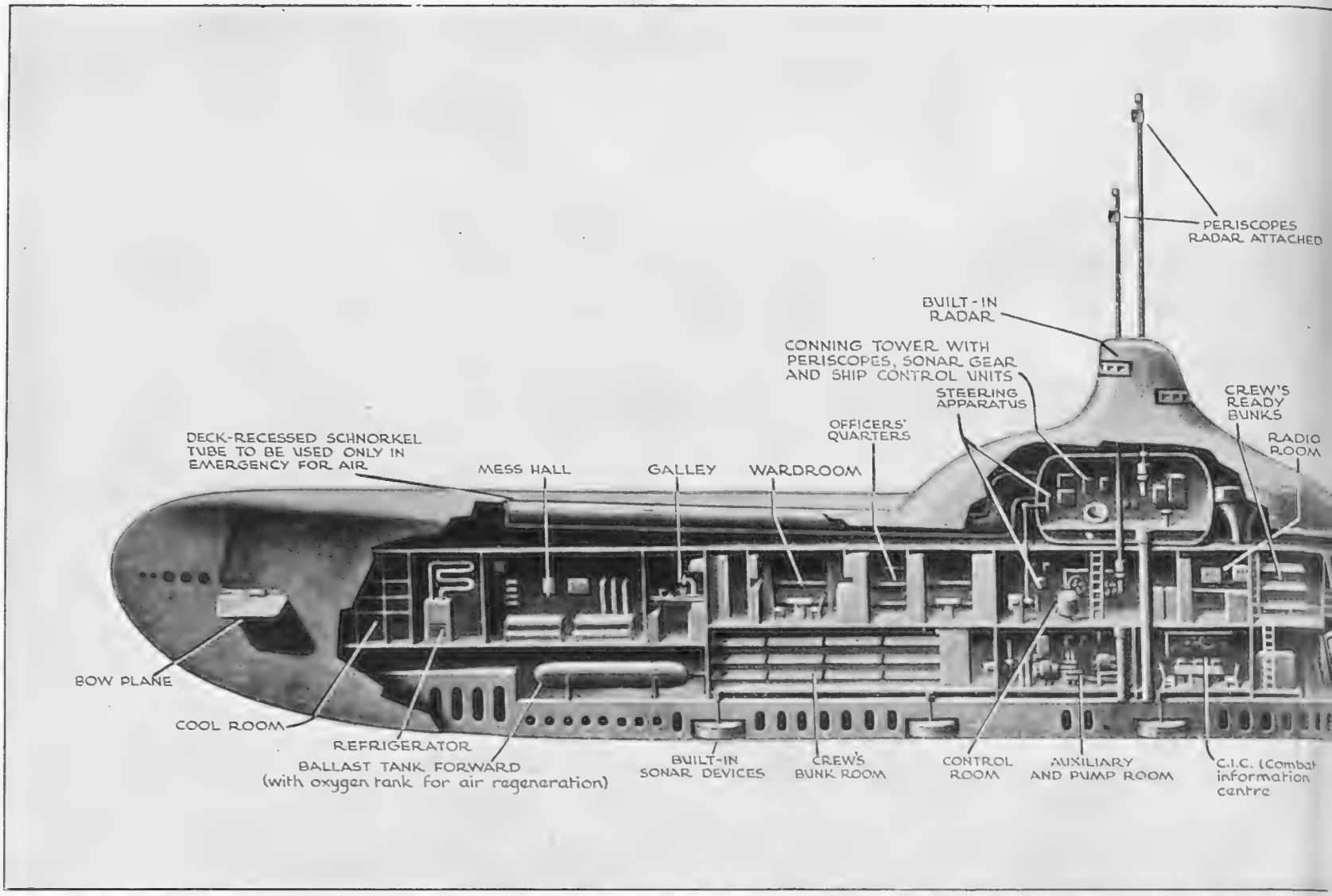
In the midst of a troubled world in which international agreement upon political matters is so hopeless lacking, it is good to know that P.I.C.A.O. (the Provisional International Civil Air Organisation) has not only made such strides that it can drop its first initial letter, now becoming known as I.C.A.O., but that it is actually about to achieve its object of establishing thirteen weather-ships in the North Atlantic. The seaboard Powers are each contributing ships, crews and fin... Britain's contribution being four Flower-class corvettes. These have lately been undergoing conversion in the Royal Naval Dockyards at Sheerness, Devonport and Rosyth, and, at the time of writing, the *Weather Observer* (ex-*Marguerite*) is on the eve of taking station. The other three, which will be ready this month or ... are the *Weather Recorder* (ex-*Genista*), the *Weather Watcher* (ex-*Snowflake*) and the *Weather Explorer* (ex-*Thyme*). Two of these ships will be on patrol at a time. The duties of the ships will primarily be meteorological, but they will also take part in search and rescue service...

On left—**THE CONVERSION OF H.M.S. "MARGUERITE": The silhouette of the vessel during her war service as a corvette and after conversion at Sheerness as the O.W.S. "Weather Observer".**



THE O.W.S. "WEATHER OBSERVER" IS READY FOR SEA: This former Flower-class corvette, built in 1941 and known as the "Marguerite," is one of four ex-submarine hunters converted into ocean weather-ships for the Meteorological Office of the Air Ministry. The "Weather Observer" is the first to be completed and, at the time of writing, she is preparing to take station off the west coast of Ireland. Altogether thirteen weather-ships will be anchored in the North Atlantic; the United States, France, Holland, Belgium, Norway and Sweden co-operating with Great Britain in the maintenance of a service which will provide weather reports to the Powers concerned, provide navigational aids for aircraft, take part in search and rescue services, and make oceanographical and other scientific observations. This special "Sphere" drawing by Laurence Dunn shows the interior lay-out of the "Weather Observer," which has been fitted out at Sheerness. The crew of the "Weather Observer" consists of twelve officers, twenty petty officers and twenty ratings. *Inset above*—**The situation of the new Atlantic weather stations** provide navigational aids for aircraft in flight, and make oceanographical and other scientific observations when practicable. Surface and upper-air observations will be made at frequent intervals, day and night, and the results transmitted to the Meteorological Office at Dunstable by radio. For upper-air observations, radio-sonde and radar will be employed. The ships will also re-transmit weather reports received from certain merchant ships.

On right—**THE O.W.S. "WEATHER OBSERVER" FITTING OUT AT SHEERNESS: An artist's impression of the converted vessel in dock on the eve of her departure for sea trials. The superstructure is yellow, as that colour shows up more clearly than any other at sea**



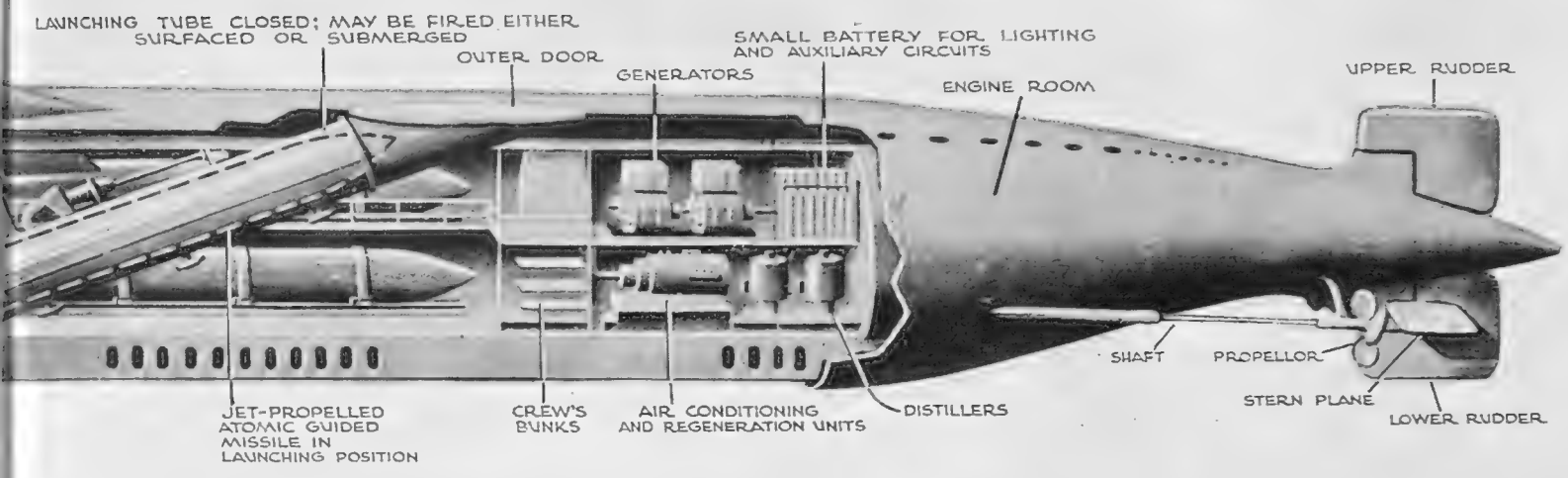
AMERICA IS BUILDING A NEW COMBAT SUBMARINE—AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF ONE OF TWO NEW not yet started on the two submarines, but this approximate interior lay-out gives some idea of could, it is estimated, be fired with devastating effect either when surfaced or submerged. Nea

"COMBAT SUBMARINES" (U.S.) and AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS (BRIT.)

New Pictures from the United States and from the British Mediterranean and Home Fleets

When the war came to an end the United States immediately put a stop to her high-speed submarine building programme, a programme that enabled her to build a 1,500-ton all-welded vessel in nine months, and at the same time she laid up at San Diego and other ports some of the many hundreds of submarines which had been in service. Secretary of the Navy Forrestal realised that the submarine of 1945 was out of date, that a new design would have to be put on the drawing-board to meet the needs of the atomic age. What the U.S. Navy has actually planned still remains a secret, but the drawing on these pages indicates the lines along which the experts are now working their ideas in no small measure being based on lessons learnt from the Germans. The jet-propelled atomic-guided missile will constitute the main attacking weapon of the new submarines, and the drawing shows how the necessary equipment will dominate the space aft of the conning-tower. As in all United States submarines of recent pattern, special attention has been paid by the naval architects to the provision of adequate crew's quarters

A COLOSSUS SAILS FOR RHODES—THE BRITISH LIGHT FLEET CARRIER H.M.S. "OCEAN," ONE OF THE SEVEN SHIPS OF THE COLOSSUS CLASS, LEAVING THE HARBOUR AT MALTA AT THE START OF THE SUMMER CRUISE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET: The cruise, under the command of Admiral Sir Algernon Willis, will take the fleet to the Greek islands, the mainland of Greece, Turkey, Palestine and the Russian port of Sevastopol, in the Black Sea. Last autumn the "Ocean" took part in a similar cruise, which ended, it will be remembered, in the mine disaster off the Albanian coast. H.M.S. "Ocean" is a carrier of 14,000 tons. She carries about forty aircraft. She is well-suited to Mediterranean service owing to her much improved, modern system of air conditioning



WARSHIPS WHICH WILL INCORPORATE MANY IDEAS FROM GERMAN U-BOATS BROUGHT TO THE UNITED STATES AND EXAMINED BY U.S. NAVAL EXPERTS: Work has their potentialities. To the right of the conning-tower is a launching-tube for the jet-propelled, atomic guided missile, which constitutes the main armament and the bows is the deck-recessed Schnorkel tube, a combined air intake and exhaust enabling the sub. to cruise indefinitely below the surface at periscope depth

THE FLEET GATHERS FOR THE CLYDE INSPECTION—THE CARRIER "ILLUSTRIOUS" (FOREGROUND) NEARLY COMES INTO CONTACT WITH ANOTHER CARRIER DURING THE ASSEMBLY OF THE VESSELS IN THE ESTUARY OF THE RIVER OFF GREENOCK AND PORT GLASGOW: The carriers played a big part in the display, and during his visit the King saw some of the latest sea-borne fighting planes. He also witnessed an exhibition of handicrafts made by men serving with the Fleet, and there was a march-past of 1,800 men, drawn from various ships, on the flight-deck of "Illustrious." "Illustrious" has a displacement of 23,000 tons, a complement of 1600, and a massive armament of radar-directed 4·5-in. guns for the protection of her planes. These can be seen on port and starboard of the forward lift

RESTORING THE BLITZED TEMPLE

The Threat to a Palladian Villa; Wimborne House in the Market; The Home of Titus Oates is Being Preserved

THE CELEBRATED TEMPLE CHURCH IS TO BE RESTORED: The Temple as it is to-day, completely gutted as a result of the blitz, but with a large proportion of the original fabric still intact. The Recorder of London, Sir Gerald Dodson, referred to the proposed restoration of the shrine at the recent annual Livery Dinner of the Worshipful Company of Glaziers, who are giving a new stained-glass window. The Temple, lying just off Fleet Street, was founded in the time of Henry II and modelled on the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. All the exterior walls are 5-ft. thick

ONCE A MEETING-PLACE FOR LAWYERS: This round portion of the Temple Church, which dates from 1185, was used by legal men in centuries past and each had his special place where he could meet and talk with clients. This part of the church was consecrated by Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, who visited London in 1185 on a mission from Pope Lucius III to the King, whom he asked to ascend the throne of Jerusalem

ANOTHER LUNG FOR LONDON—THE BELAIR ESTATE AT DULWICH HAS BEEN OPENED AS A PHYSICAL AND RECREATION CENTRE BY THE SOUTHWARK COUNCIL: The house and estate belonged to the late Sir Evan Spicer, who died in 1937. The Council have a 99-year lease of the grounds, and they have already equipped them with four hard tennis-courts, a cricket field and a football field. Mr. Herbert Morrison, the Lord President of the Council, opened the centre a fortnight ago, and in doing so told his audience of London's need for yet more open spaces if the requirements of the County of London Plan are to be met. In the Borough of Islington, he said, there are only 48 acres of open space to serve a population of nearly 250,000, and most of this was lost during the war to allotments. Shoreditch, Stepney, Finsbury and Deptford were also cited by the Lord President as being very much overcrowded

THE BALUSTRADES ARE CRUMBLING: The main entrance to Chiswick House presents a sad picture of decay. It would appear that a certain amount of wanton damage has been done

CHISWICK HOUSE IS FALLING INTO RUIN, AND QUESTIONS HAVE BEEN ASKED IN PARLIAMENT: The villa was acquired by Brentford and Chiswick Council from the Duke of Devonshire, but it has been shamefully neglected and only recently the Marquess of Salisbury asked in the House of Lords whether it would not be better to entrust the place to the Ministry of Works

The fate of Chiswick House is attracting much attention, and lovers of London are anxious that this villa, one of the finest examples built in the style of Palladio in this country, shall not be allowed to fall further into ruin. Chiswick House stands in a delightful park within a few miles of the centre of London. Before the war it was contemplated using it as a local museum or a social centre for the neighbourhood, where there are comparatively few amenities. In a recent letter to *The Times*, Sir Percy A. Harris, that veteran Parliamentarian and County Councillor, whose home is in Chiswick Mall, indicated that it might be better if the house were in the keeping of Middlesex County Council, a larger body more capable of discharging the financial responsibility involved in the upkeep of such a place. This was after the Marquess of Salisbury had urged in the House of Lords that the Ministry of Works would be the best trustees

AN HISTORIC LONDON MANSION IN THE MARKET: Wimborne House, Arlington Street, Piccadilly, is to be auctioned later in the year unless sold by private treaty in the meanwhile. The house stands on land granted by Charles II to Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, of Cabal fame. For a period it was the home of Henry Pelham, Prime Minister and brother of the Duke of Newcastle. Horace Walpole used to call Arlington Street the Ministerial Street. It was also the home of not a few of the opposition leaders in the Government. Wimborne House has been owned by both the Dukes of Beaufort and Hamilton. It received its present name from the first Baron Wimborne (Sir Ivor Bertie Guest), who bought the place in the '70's of the last century

REPAIRING THE HOME OF TITUS OATES: This landmark, and one of the oldest houses in Hastings, has been saved from the housebreaker's hammer and is now being fully renovated. The house, which dates back to the fifteenth century, stands at the top of the narrow High Street in the picturesque Old Town, and was the birthplace of Titus Oates, the notorious seventeenth-century informer and professional perjurer. It was damaged when bombs fell near it in 1942. The house was later condemned by Hastings Town Council, but pleas by Mr. Stephen Isles, one-time custodian of the ruined Hastings Castle, for its restoration were granted. Once curate of All Saints' Church, which stands nearby, Titus Oates was condemned by Judge Jeffreys in 1685 to flogging from Newgate prison to Tyburn Hill, to the pillory at the Royal Exchange, a fine of £2,000 and life imprisonment, but in 1688 he was pardoned and given a pension of £400, being regarded as "a martyr to the Protestant cause." He died, a Baptist, in 1705

THE LURE OF THE PROMS.: Some studies in wrapt attention on the first night of the new season at the Royal Albert Hall. This is the start of the fifty-third season of Promenade Concerts, and these five pictures, better than any words, bear witness to the hold which the concerts have gained upon the music-loving public. For the occasion the London Symphony Orchestra was conducted by its three principal conductors. Sir Malcolm Sargent, making his debut, obtained very sensitive playing in Delius's "Brigg Fair," and Sir Adrian Boult gave a brilliant interpretation of Vaughan Williams' "Tallis Fantasia." Mr. Basil Cameron conducted two Russian works, including Borodin's "B" Minor Symphony

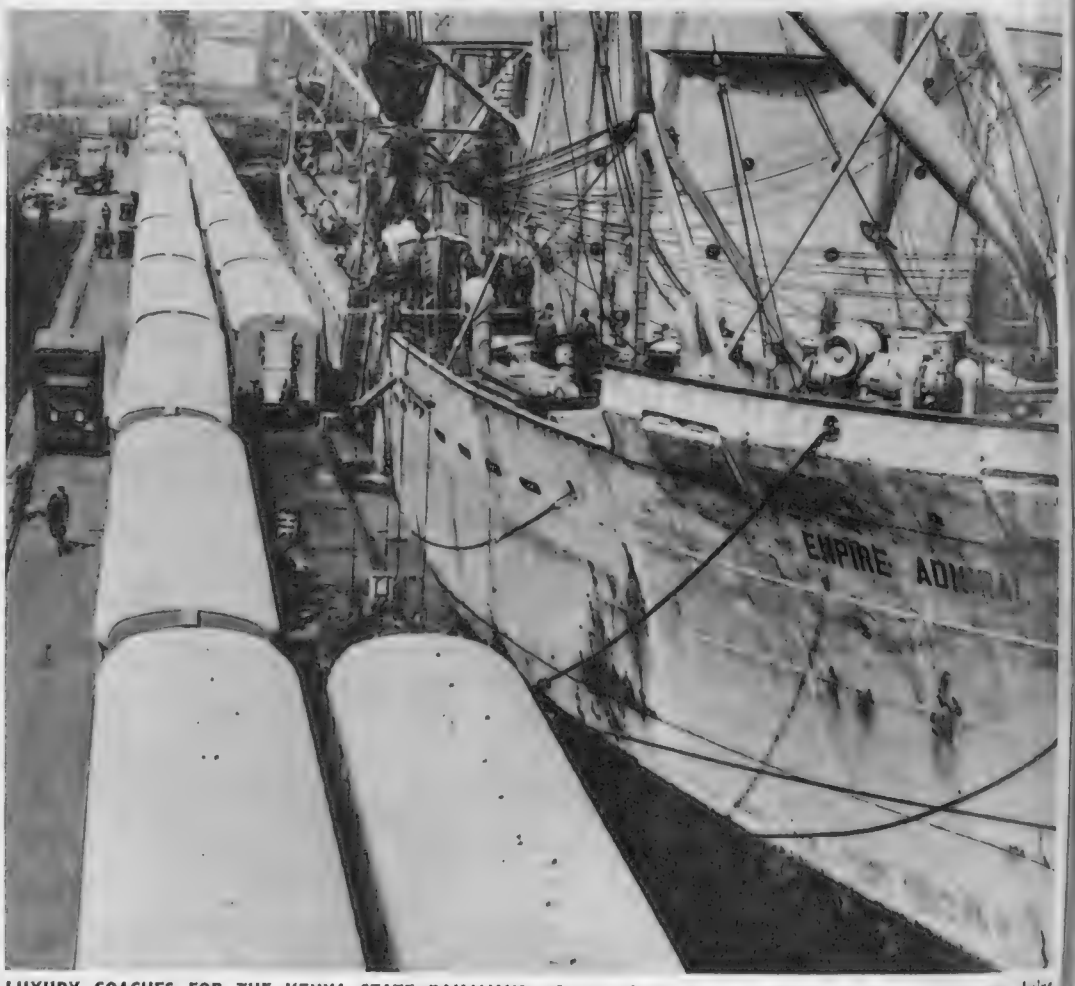
THE NEW MUMBLES LIFEBOAT SETS OUT FOR SOUTH WALES: The Royal National lifeboat "Manchester and Salford XXX," which will take station at Mumbles, replacing the boat lost in the disaster of April 23. She is seen in this picture on leaving a building yard at Cowes, Isle of Wight, en route to Swansea Bay

FOUR MEN AND THEIR BOAT: Mr. Rutland, Mr. W. J. Garner, Mr. William Garner (the coxswain) and Mr. Cursitor on board the new Mumbles lifeboat

On April 23 the Mumbles lifeboat put out twice in attempts to bring aid to the wrecked steamship *Samtampa*, lying off Sker Point, Porthcawl. On the second occasion the lifeboat capsized in mountainous seas, and the crew of eight perished. From a fund collected by the Manchester and Salford branch of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution a new lifeboat has been completed. She recently sailed from Cowes to Swansea via Brixham.

FROM LONDON'S PROMS. TO A DORSET PAGEANT

A Survey of the Home News



LUXURY COACHES FOR THE KENYA STATE RAILWAYS: Some of the twenty-eight coaches, which are being exported to East Africa, seen at the Royal Albert Dock, London, before being put aboard the freighter "Empire Admiral." With the exception of a small amount of sand and cement, possibly as ballast, the coaches comprise the "Empire Admiral's" entire cargo. In view of Mr. Morrison's recent statement regarding the extremely serious shortage of rolling-stock in Britain, the export of these coaches may seem surprising, but it is probably a question of finely-adjusted priorities, with the emphasis in the long run on the vital need for narrowing the gap between imports and exports

BRITAIN'S PLANNERS MEET—THE LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL, MR. HERBERT MORRISON, PRESIDES AT THE FIRST FULL MEETING OF THE ECONOMIC PLANNING BOARD HEADED BY SIR EDWIN PLOWDEN, THE CHIEF PLANNING OFFICER: The meeting took place in the Cabinet offices, Great George Street. It will be the primary task of the Board to advise the Government on the best uses of our economic resources. Left to right, seated, are: Mr. Vincent Tewson (T.U.C.), Sir William Coates (Federation of British Industries and the British Employers' Confederation), Mr. W. R. Verdon Smith (Federation of British Industries), Sir Edwin Plowden, Mr. Herbert Morrison, Sir John Woods (Permanent Secretary to the Board of Trade), Sir Archibald Rowlands (Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Supply), Sir Godfrey Ince (Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Labour), and Mr. J. Tanner (T.U.C.). Left to right, standing, are: Mr. R. L. Hall (Director of the Economic Planning Staff), Mr. H. T. Weeks, Mr. F. W. Smith, and Mr. A. S. le Maitre (Central Economic Planning Staff)

THE "ARETHUSA" DRESSED OVERALL TO RECEIVE THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON: This was the spectacular sight that greeted Sir Bracewell Smith as he prepared to go aboard the celebrated training-vessel at her mooring at Rochester for the annual prize-giving ceremony

SIR BRACEWELL SMITH PRESENTS THE PRIZES: The Lord Mayor of London making an award to one of the boys of the "Arethusa" training-ship in the Medway, near Rochester. The present "Arethusa," which received her name in 1933 when the old "Arethusa" was condemned as unfit for further service, was formerly the four-masted barque "Pekin." Over a period of nearly seventy-five years the two "Arethusas" have done sterling work in training boys from the Shaftesbury Homes. The parents of some of the cadets are seen seated on the right

KING CHARLES I BIDS HIS CHILDREN FAREWELL BEFORE EXECUTION: An episode from the historical pageant given recently by Croft House School, Shillingstone, Dorset. It was presented in a magnificent setting with the background of the Dorsetshire downs

An historical pageant under the direction of Captain Nixon Eckersall, colleague of Miss Gwen Lally, was given at Croft House School, Shillingstone, on three days in July. The acting of the girls was markedly mature. Over 150 excellent costumes were made in the school dress-making department, apart from those hired, and properties were made by the school carpenter. Mounted parts were played by Miss Rosemary Lamb as Queen Elizabeth, Miss Shena Hilleary as Princess Beatrice, and Miss Torkington as St. George. The scene was full of colour and charm, with its setting against the Dorsetshire Downs

QUEEN ELIZABETH RIDES INTO TILBURY TO ADDRESS HER SUBJECTS ON THE APPROACH OF THE ARMADA: Another episode from the pageant at Croft House School, Shillingstone. The part of Elizabeth was played by Rosemary Lamb. Over 500 costumes were used in the pageant

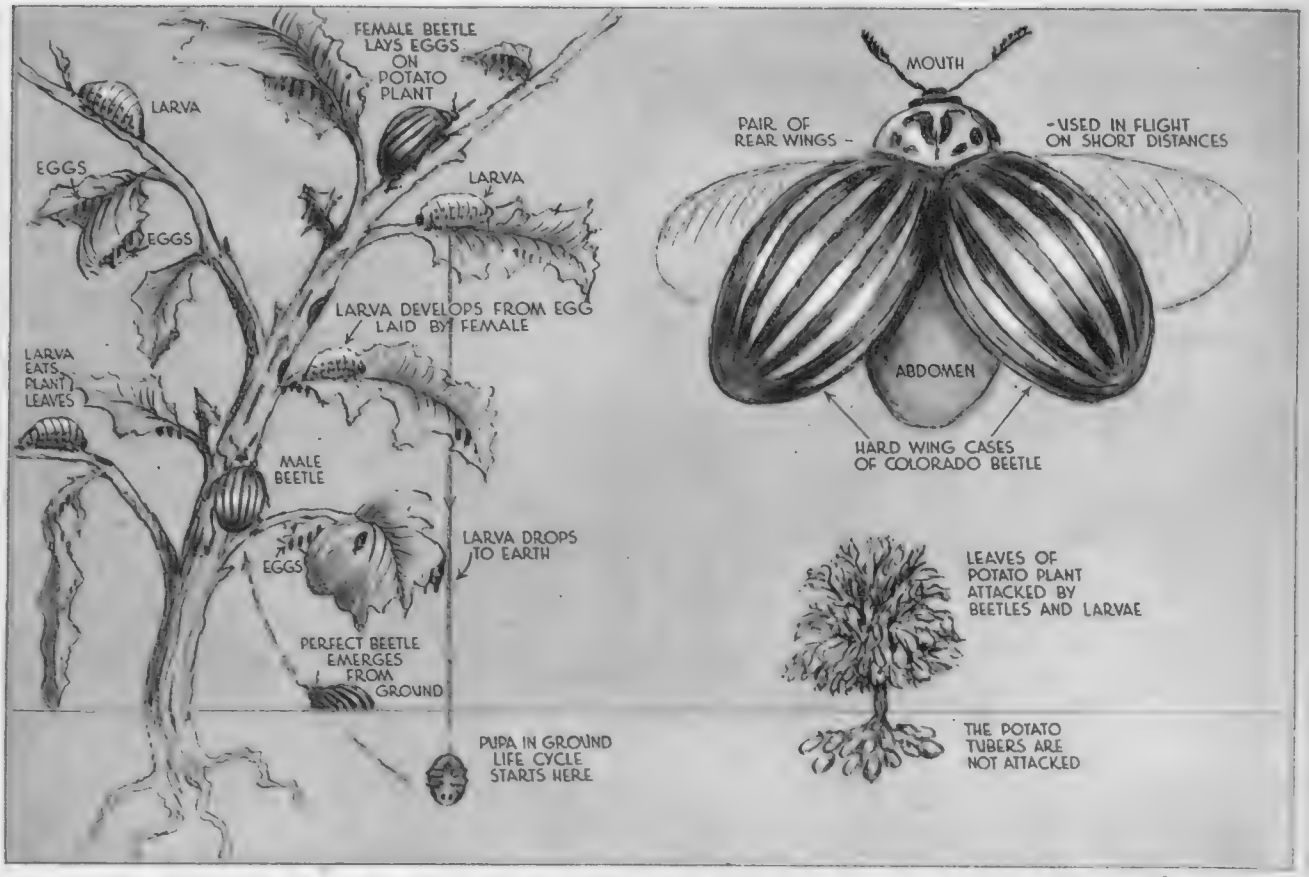
THE COLORADO BEETLE MARCHES EAST

From the Rocky Mountains, Across America, and so to England

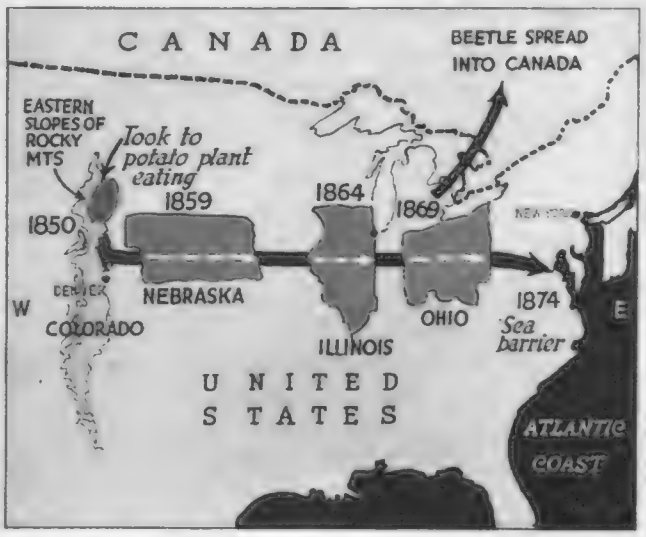
By the middle of the last century Western America was opening up with increasing speed. A vast network of lines was spreading across the continent, through the Dakotas, Kansas, Nebraska and Idaho to the other side of the Rockies. As the railway spread westwards it was possible for the settlers to send their produce to the markets of the East. In those early freight trains, among sacks of potatoes, the first of the Colorado beetles began their eastward journey, which has since brought them half across the world to menace European crops.

It has been an extraordinary story, this eastward march of the *Doryphora decemlineata*, to give the Colorado beetle its authentic scientific name, and the story is by no means over yet; for this menacing little yellow creature, with the black spots, is beginning at last to multiply in England.

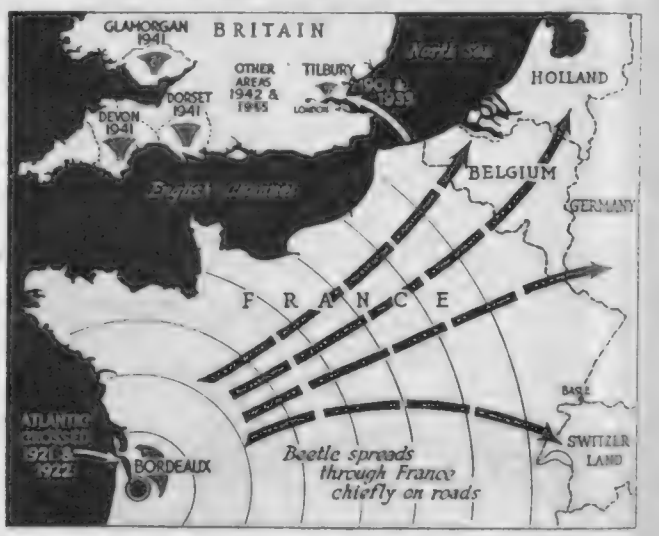
It was noted in Colorado in 1850 that the beetle was prone to potato plants, but it was not until a decade later that it established itself on the Nebraska farmlands, 250 miles to the east. Thereafter the tide of immigration increased. Five years were needed for the pest to run riot across Illinois, five more to spread across the fertile lands of Ohio, and five to reach the barrier of the Atlantic Ocean. There were no more territorial conquests for the time being. The yellow devil was content to ravage the maritime states and provinces. Some time after the First World War, however, some of the more adventurous members of the species must have stowed away on a ship, for in the early '20's they were in France, appearing in the potato fields round the port of Bordeaux. It was only a matter of time before Switzerland, Germany and the Low Countries were over-run. In England the beetle made two attempts to land: the first, an amphibious operation, was swiftly defeated; the second, in 1933, was less easily overcome. For a time it was hoped that Britain might be kept immune, but the growth of air travel has aided the beetle, and following the outbreak of the Second World War it was reported in Southern England. It was often seen, indeed, in proximity to airfields. Drastic measures are being taken in England to combat the invasion. The Colorado beetle is a determined traveller, however; and it has a consistent record of adventuring.



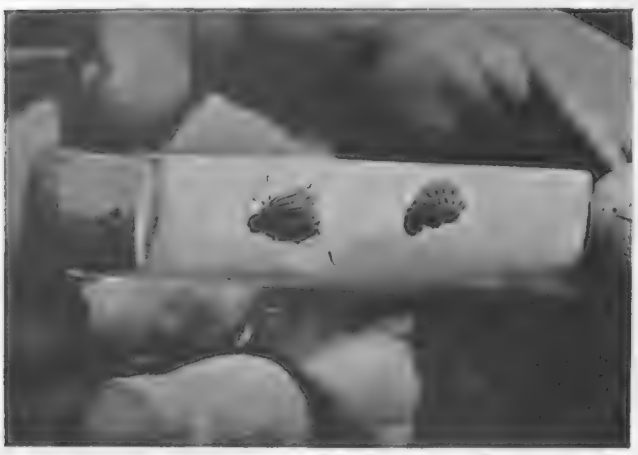
THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE COLORADO BEETLE: How it attacks the potato plant, and the life-cycle is repeated. The drawing on the left illustrates the life-cycle of the Colorado beetle. After winter hibernation the beetle appears from the ground. The male beetle fertilises the female, and the latter then lays eggs on the leaves of the potato plant. The eggs hatch out into pink larvæ with rounded backs. These larvæ then proceed to eat the leaves of the potato plant (they do not attack the tubers), and the beetles, male and female, also eat the leaves. After the larva has shed several skins the life-cycle begins to assert itself. The larva drops to earth, there to bury itself at a depth of about 10 ins. The larva becomes the pupa, and, after a number of days, the woolly-formed beetle once again emerges. The drawing on the right shows the beetle, with its striped back and hard wing-cases. It uses its two delicate rear wings for flying—*Drawing by Percy Home*



AS THE PIONEERS MARCHED WESTWARDS, THE COLORADO BEETLE STARTED EASTWARDS: This sketch-map shows the path of the Colorado beetle from the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, where it was observed in 1850, via Nebraska (1859), Illinois (1864), Ohio (1869) and New York (1874). For a while it was held up by the ocean barrier, but less than half-a-century later the pest had begun to breed on the European side of the Atlantic



THE COLORADO BEETLE SPREADS FAR AND WIDE ACROSS THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE: Colorado beetles were first observed at Bordeaux in 1921 and 1922. Thereafter they penetrated into Belgium, Switzerland, Germany and Holland. In 1901 and 1933 the beetles were reported at Tilbury, having been brought in, no doubt, in ships, but both these invasions were defeated. Since then the beetles have appeared in Glamorgan, Devon and Dorset



THE COLORADO BEETLE IN ENGLAND: A beetle and the larva seen in a glass tube after being found on an English farm, and (*right*) spraying a 30-acre field of potatoes in the Harmondsworth area, near London Airport. A solution of lead arsenate has been found ideal for the purpose. It is poison to the beetle, but does the potato plant no harm. At the moment farmers in the southern counties are marshalling their resources against the pest, but the battle is far from won. Many of the beetles have been found in the vicinity of airports, and there seems little doubt that they are brought in by air-liners

IAN BEDFORD, THE BOY BOWLER WITH THE BIG FUTURE : This seventeen-year-old schoolboy from Woodhouse Grammar School, Finchley, made his debut for Middlesex in the recent match against Essex and, with his finely-flighted googlies and spinners, soon had the crowd gasping and his opponents in trouble. His action and mannerism have points of resemblance with Sims, and he beats his man in the flight

MIDDLESEX RAMPANT

The Fastest-Scoring County Which Is Making Cricket History This Year

Hats off to Gloucestershire for finding themselves for a spell at the head of the Championship table; but even these stalwarts from the West will no doubt admit they have been a trifle lucky, for their rivals, Middlesex, have had to play not a few vital matches with their stars absent in Tests or other representative games. Middlesex are beyond doubt the most dashing County side in England, and although the Test programme has cut down their Championship points, they have battled away in most engaging style for Yorkshire's already lost throne. Of that incredible pair, Compton and Edrich, there is little more to be written. This season they have given exhibitions of run-getting almost beyond belief, and their hurricane 67 in twenty minutes to win the match against Leicester with five minutes to spare will long live in the memory: 270 for 3 in 125 minutes and 90 in 40 minutes are other examples of the County's devastating speed of play. To-day they are a truly inspired side, with not a little of the credit for their inspiration going to the brilliant Robins, who is always willing to take a chance in order to make the game interesting. Both Edrich and Compton have each made over 2,000 runs this season, nobly backed up by Robertson, Brown, Robins and Mann, while in the bowling department Young has kept steadily among the wickets, and now comes Ian Bedford

THE WICKET THAT THEY NEARLY ALWAYS HAVE TO WAIT FOR : Bill Edrich clean bowled on the leg stump after making 191 in the Old Trafford Test. This year he has been Middlesex's brightest star, and both he and Denis Compton are batting towards their 3,000 runs. At the time of writing, his average is 114

THE MAN WHO DISCOVERED BEDFORD, AND THE ARCHITECT OF MANY A MIDDLESEX VICTORY : R. W. V. Robins, the County's astute captain, playing forward during the Essex match at Lord's. As a run-getter and a bowler he plays his full part, and he has inspired his team by lightning, unpredictable decisions on the field that have often snatched victory from seeming failure. It was Robins who first appreciated the potentialities of Bedford's googly bowling

ON TO THE 3,000 : Denis Compton, second to Edrich by one day in the race for 2,000 runs, is batting better than ever this year, and it is the rapid scoring partnerships of these two that is confounding so many of the better County sides. Against Essex last week Compton scored 48 in twenty minutes of astonishing stroke play before being stumped when striding half-way down the pitch to meet the ball

THE MIDDLESEX NO. 1 : As the County's opening batsman Robertson has had an excellent season, having already put over 1,500 runs on the board for an average of over 50. He recently made 100 in seventy-five minutes

BROWN DRIVES ONE THROUGH THE COVERS : Overshadowed by Compton, Edrich and Robertson, he none the less keeps making runs as the Middlesex No. 2, and some of his fielding reaches the heights

THE TRUE PSYCHIATRIST AND THE CHARLATAN

A New Profession, But the Greeks Had Several Words For It

By CHARLES GRAVES

WHEN psychiatrists were first introduced into the three fighting Services the devastating nickname "trick cyclists" was immediately applied to them. Their very existence provided opportunities for men who were allergic to lead to get out of the Service. There was the famous story of the soldier who always broke ranks to pick up any piece of paper which happened to be near, scanned it briefly, and then said disgustedly, "That 's not it!" Every normal penalty was inflicted on him, but he knew that sooner or later a psychiatrist would be sent to investigate his case. It took much moral courage to continue with his plan. Finally, the psychiatrist saw him and signed a paper enabling him to be discharged. The soldier, as the story goes, grabbed this piece of paper and said, "Ah! that 's the one."

It was, in fact, not until the war that the average man and woman knew anything about psychiatrists. Now, however, they are definitely part of society, and it occurred to me to find out what they were doing and how far the new science has progressed since the war. Almost immediately I found myself surrounded by a jungle of mental weeds and long Græco-Latin words. I was hedged in by amaurotic family idiocy; tendencies to confabulate; disorientation for time, place and person; katatonia; and affective-reaction-types. Simple involutional melancholia was, of course, easy to understand; even manic-depression psychosis was comparatively intelligible.

It also seemed completely reasonable that under hypnosis the patient who is suffering from some mental disturbance will frequently recall audibly some childhood incident which had been responsible for his present abnormality. But why on earth do psycho-analysts and psychiatrists surround themselves with such a stockade of long words? They seem to have invented an entirely new vocabulary of their own, thus automatically making neurotics rather proud of the fact that they are, apparently, most unusual and interesting people. I cannot believe that it is entirely for the sake of brevity that the word psychotic has been coined. It merely refers to a person who is out of touch with reality in one particular form. Why not tell him so in words of one syllable?

Phrases like basic emotional maladjustment, if used to anybody of weak moral fibre, must surely increase his or her self-pity. It is common knowledge that a defending counsel for a criminal who has been laid by the heels for some particularly unpleasant crime, tries to kid the judge and jury into believing that he has schizophrenia, because it is the easiest possible alibi.

Altogether, it seems a great pity that psychiatrists, as a whole, do not use the sound commonsense approach to mental illnesses which social workers attached to the National Association for Mental Health employ. Quite true, the latter organisation uses any number of long words in its learned treatises on the patients which it cures. I fancy, however, that the psychiatric social workers, who are doing so much good for ex-Servicemen and ex-Servicewomen and now civilians who have been mentally upset by the war, do not use long words to their patients.

This Association began work on January 1, 1944, to aid men and women who had been discharged because they were genuinely unfit on psychological grounds for further service. They often came back to find that their homes had been broken up, their families dispersed and they, themselves, confronted by the need for taking up unfamiliar work. To face such conditions they needed courage and confidence, which was provided for them vicariously by these psychiatric social workers, who put them in touch with medical specialists, arranged for their attendance at clinics, cheered them up at home, and when the local Labour Exchange found them unemployable, did their best to straighten them out. The files of the Association show many instances of these misfits being turned into comparatively useful citizens. Over 12,000 of them have already been treated. Of these, 35 per cent. are schizophrenic cases; 40 per cent. are ordinary neurotics; 10 per cent. are psychopaths—a nice Greek work for meaning anyone whose incapacity, or deliberate refusal to conform with social life, may involve a prison sentence. The remainder are mental defectives and people suffering from organic diseases.

This National Association for Mental Health has sixty full-time social workers. Each of them has an average of eighty patients attached to them. These they see on an average of seven times a year, although in individual cases the visits may be as frequent as once a day up to once in six weeks. To qualify fully for the job they have to do a year's special course at London, Manchester or Edinburgh, after a previous two-years course in which they train as ordinary social workers. To advise them there are the psychiatrists attached to the clinics and hospitals. Their primary function is to assess correctly the patient's problems and needs, so as to arrive at a full social diagnosis. In simple language, it is their business to give a feeling of confidence to men and women who naturally feel it a disgrace that they have been in a mental hospital. In addition, they interpret the patient's difficulties to his family and try to explain to them that he genuinely needs sympathy. On rare occasions the social worker is faced with a real ethical problem. It can happen that the patient's instability will endanger the happiness and ultimate well-being of a young family whose rejection of him might result in a final major breakdown. Should the social worker encourage the wife with her young children to leave her husband and ensure their happiness? Or should she be encouraged to stick to him, although the price paid in the happiness of the whole family might be very high indeed? This is the responsibility of the social psychiatric worker and not that of the husband or wife.

So much for the National Association for Mental Health, whose future is unsettled under the prospective new set-up of a State Medical Service. Practically every voluntary hospital has a psychiatric out-patients' department. That of St. Thomas's Hospital has quadrupled since the war. State hospitals also have their clinics. In addition, there are organisations, at least one of which has a substantial grant from the Rockefeller Institute, which charge anything from 1s. to two guineas (per session or consultation). One of them has nearly forty psychiatrists attached to it, of whom twenty give practically all their time to the patients. There are, however, so many of the latter that experiments have been in existence for over a year whereby some of the patients are treated in groups of seven or eight at a time. When I asked whether this was successful, I was told very frankly that even after a year it is hard to tell whether it has done any good at all. . . .

Some of these groups are mixed; some are one sex only. Few of them have visible handicaps, such as stammering. Most of them seem unable to get on with their fellow human-beings and are presumably only too glad to have at least one "date" per week. Oddly enough, I am assured that it is not immediately attributable to their looks. Some of the girls and the young men are quite personable.

This experiment is partly caused by an acute shortage of psychiatrists. At the same time, it is thought that even if there were a superfluity of these gentlemen (I have never met a fully-qualified woman psychiatrist), this experiment of encouraging self-confidence, for that is all it is, is worth trying in groups. I will not attempt to go into the question of private cases of individual psychiatrists, one of whom said to me, "I would as soon tell you about my case histories as I would show you my dirty underclothing." Suffice it to say that a tremendous lot of people are suffering in varying degrees from mental hangovers caused by the war. These can be directly attributed to a near miss from a bomb to various forms of frustration; to separation from family ties for long periods; to business worries. Fibrositis and stomach ulcers are, in many cases, certainly caused by worry—known to psychiatrists as basic emotional maladjustments, but I still call it worry.

In conclusion, I repeat that it seems the greatest pity that more psychiatrists do not adopt a more common-sense approach to mental illnesses. After all, there is a tremendous amount of good work to be done by them if only they did not so often divorce themselves from reality and adopt a mumbo-jumbo which would make any African witch-doctor madly jealous.

EMIGRATION BY ASSEMBLY LINE—THE ONTARIO GOVERNMENT CUTS RED TAPE AND INAUGURATES A NEW HIGH-SPEED SCHEME FOR WOULD-BE SETTLERS: Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Ward, with their sons Michael and Peter, aged four and three, passing through the medical section at Rainbow Corner, Shaftesbury Avenue, where the Ontario Government has set up its emigration office. All the necessary machinery to aid the would-be emigrant is now installed in one set of offices. During the war Rainbow Corner achieved fame as the American Forces Club

FILLING IN THEIR EMIGRATION FORMS AT RAINBOW CORNER: Under the supervision of Mr. J. S. P. Armstrong (standing, left), Agent-General for Ontario, they prepare their applications. Ontario is to receive its emigrants by air, the first instalment amounting to about 7,000. Many times that number have already applied to take up residence in Canada's most highly industrialised province

NOEL COWARD'S NEW PLAY AT THE LYRIC THEATRE: The action of "Peace In Our Time" takes place in a Chelsea public-house during the supposed occupation of England by the Nazis. A notice on the rear wall is printed in English and German. In this picture are (left to right): Olaf Pooley, Bernard Lee (as the landlord), Maureen Pryor, Ralph Michael and Hazel Terry

THE NEW NOEL COWARD PLAY AND THE BALLET RUSSE SEASON

Noel Coward's latest play is in a new and serious vein, although the melodrama is enlivened by his familiar, sophisticated wit. The scene is set in the saloon bar of a Chelsea public-house in an England under Nazi occupation. Notices on the walls are headed "Warning" and "Achtung." Winston Churchill has been shot and Hitler opens Parliament. Bernard Lee plays the landlord, the leading role of a large cast. The play owes something to known facts of Resistance movements in other countries. Their translation to an English setting has somewhat surprisingly given rise to an eloquence not usually associated with the braves of this country even in a Chelsea pub

A STAR OF COLONEL DE BASIL'S ORIGINAL BALLET RUSSE COMPANY AND A NEWCOMER: Tatiana Riabouchinska and Barbara Lloyd rehearsing at Covent Garden. Born in Moscow, Tatiana Riabouchinska went to Paris to study dancing under Kshesinskaya and Preobrajenska. She was in the company of *La Chauve Souris* in 1931 and the following year joined de Basil when his first company was formed in 1932. Their first London season at the Alhambra in 1933 was booked for six weeks. It ran for five months. Riabouchinska was seventeen at that time and became one of the many young dancers who have earned fame with de Basil. This season de Basil has more young newcomers, including Barbara Lloyd, a sixteen-year-old girl, daughter of an English mother and an American father, who has come from California to dance with the original Ballet Russe. Her first appearance was in Lichine's new ballet *Graduation Ball*

A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD ENGLISH GIRL REHEARSES FOR LICHINE'S NEW BALLET "GRADUATION BALL": April Olrich was born in Zanzibar of English parents. She is a pupil of Tchernicheva and joined Colonel de Basil's Ballet Russe company at the age of thirteen

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

HARVARD IS THE THEME FOR A NOVEL

"We Happy Few," an Astute and Amusing Study of Human Nature, with an Intensely American Background

A SATIRICAL novel by a witty American woman is one of this week's best discoveries. WE HAPPY FEW (Macdonald. 9s. 6d.) has been high on the best-seller lists in its own country for some time, but, as you know, that is no guarantee that a book will be equally popular over here. In this case, I think it has a fair chance of being extremely successful, and this in spite of the wholly and intensely American background. The scene is mainly Harvard University, with Boston and Cambridge, Mass., on the sidelines. And the characters are all concerned, either intellectually, emotionally or economically, with the inner life of the great university. Although with one exception they are all intellectuals, and pretty smug about it, the happy few have, in fact, a reasonably sharp eye on the economic main chance. They like to do their talking and philosophising in some comfort; to be able to pay their wine merchants regularly, and to subscribe to as many of the new reviews as they judge necessary to keep their minds supple.

Their most evident scruples are for intellectual and political honesty; their less obvious traits are the fairly commonplace desires and lusts that might affect people with even less mental equipment than this dedicated group. Miss Helen Howe's satire is light, but present in every page, and as well as that rare gift, she manages to tell a very good story. Recommended with the conviction that this is an unusually astute and amusing study of human nature—*genus talentibus*.

EUSTACE AND HILDA (Putnam. 10s. 6d.) is the third volume in a brilliant but melancholy trilogy of novels by Mr. L. P. Hartley. Brilliant because of their "inwardness" and their honesty; melancholy because the couple chosen for this very long and full story are two characters who induce neither love, enthusiasm, nor respect. All the more credit to the author, one might say, who has managed to write three extremely interesting books about two outstandingly uninteresting people. That is true, and I would be the first to admit it.

But the cumulative effect is a confused one, of admiration for the writer's powers, and exasperation with the subject on which he has chosen to use them. Hilda and Eustace are brother and sister, and that is, in general, a calm, bread-and-butter relationship. At its best, it may be inspiring; at its worst, either malicious or hysterical. Hilda and Eustace, the brilliant, domineering sister and the adoring but ineffectual brother, are an odd pair, to say the least of it, and an uncomfortable one.

Throughout their childhood, which was described in *The Shrimp and the Anemone*, the boy was dependent on the girl, and that balance persists through their adolescence and into maturity, though it is doubtful if one could call Eustace's final state of mind genuine maturity. Hilda, however, knows her reverses in this part of the story, and goes through some agonising defeats, but being an implacable egotist she wins a kind of victory in the end, through Eustace and at the cost of Eustace's existence.

Not a book to make one marry, but one to give food for thought. Incidentally, the feeling, sound and sight of Venice in the '20's, when it was Europe's playground, are admirably conveyed.

Young, strong, beautiful, gay—the Duke of Monmouth will always be one of the ideal figures for romantic biographers. His father, Charles II., might deny that the boy had been born in wedlock, but he never denied that he was his own son, and, indeed, for those who could compare their faces and their manners, there could be no doubt of that. With the years and with reverses, to the day of his execution, Monmouth's character deepened and sobered, but he remained, and still remains, the romantic figure par excellence.

Elizabeth D'Oyley's novel YOUNG JEMMY (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) is written from a strongly partisan point of view, and so effectively that one is apt to catch it in reading; surely a mark of triumph for a biographer. His birth and childhood, and the circumstances that attended both, are given in an affectionate version whose warmth does not, however, obscure the fair sense of the period that is another of the author's contributions.

THE INDIA OFFICE LIBRARY IN LONDON MAY BE SURRENDERED TO THE TWO NEW INDIAN DOMINIONS: A view of the library, which contains 230,000 volumes and 20,000 manuscripts. It was originally set up in 1801 as the Oriental Repository of the East India Company. Many of the books date back to the Fifth Century A.D.

THE GREATEST TREASURE OF THE INDIA OFFICE LIBRARY: Two pages from the seventeenth-century album produced by the order of the Emperor's son, Dara Shikoh, for his wife. The delicate coloured drawings have borders of gold paint

The greatest of the Russian poets, Pushkin, had a life which, again, forms an ideal subject for the romantic and even the sentimental biographer. He was born in the small nobility, although he had coloured blood which was variously attributed to the Moors and to Ethiopia. He was educated at an exclusive school, patronised by the Czar himself, grew up in the society of Moscow and St. Petersburg, was exiled by one Czar and much favoured by another, and was finally killed in a duel at the age of thirty-nine.

The author of *Eugène Onegin* and *Boris Godunov* was a poet whose name will always live, wherever men read poetry, but in his own day it was for his presence, his gaiety, and his vitality that he was esteemed. Pushkin was a young man of great contemporary popularity, quite apart from his reputation for love-affairs, which were said to number 103 by the time he married the beautiful wife so coveted by Nicholas I. Miss Lydia Lambert has appreciated the richness of the material on which she was able to draw, and her biography, PUSHKIN—POET AND LOVER (Aldor. 15s.), is explicit to a degree.

In his biography, BOCCACCIO (Sheed and Ward. 16s.), Mr. Francis McManus writes of this almost legendary figure in great and loving detail. His research has clearly been prodigious, and this well-documented, painstaking book is, as obviously, the product of many months of scholarly study. There are many quotations from Boccaccio's poetry, both in the original Italian and in translation. For the latter, the author is sometimes responsible, and he has also on occasion used the versions by that nineteenth-century poet with the evocative name, Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

MINUTE FOR MURDER (Crime Club. 8s. 6d.) will be especially diverting to anybody who, during the war, was concerned with one of the larger Ministries. Mr. Nicholas Blake knows his stuff very well, and although homicide may not have been a very general practice in those establishments, the rest of the routine, from the mournful morning cry of "Coffee!", with its even more mournful sequel, to the business of the In trays and the Out trays is faithfully and wittily recorded.

THE ENGLISH CHARACTER AND THE ENGLISH SCENE

Two Authors and Two Artists Give Their Individual Viewpoints

Chesterton called the English "The Secret People." "Smile at us, pay us, pass us; but do not quite forget; For we are the people of England, that never have spoken yet." That was how he wrote, but in doing so he was more concerned with the England of his imaginative reckoning, still the England of Medieval days, the days of the tabard and tourney, of gules and gold; for Chesterton's love of England was essentially backward-looking. Let us see how another generation tackles the problem of these strange people who, forgetful of their own liberty, have so often fought for that of others. George Orwell, in THE ENGLISH PEOPLE (Collins. 5s.), a notable contribution to the "Britain in Pictures" Series, has what many may deem to be an altogether nobler, more realistic and mature conception than that of the great G.K. Let the words of his peroration proclaim his faith: "Nearly all of the English already love their country, but they must learn to love it intelligently. They must have a clear notion of their destiny, and not listen either to those who tell them that England is finished or to those who tell them that the England of the past can return. If they can do that they can keep their feet in the post-war world, and if they can keep their feet, they can give that example that millions of human beings are waiting for. The world is sick of chaos, and it is sick of dictatorship. Of all peoples the English are likeliest to find a way of avoiding both." George Orwell, the man who wrote *Animal Farm*, that superb satire on revolution, has this time not got his tongue in his cheek. This is a book of deep sincerity.

With the same theme but pitched in a lesser key is Christopher Marsden's THE ENGLISH AT THE SEASIDE (Collins. 5s.). This is really a commentary on modes and manners, but like Mr. Orwell's book, it too reflects the national character. The author shows how from mid-eighteenth century onwards we took a new view of the sea, it was no longer "a highway, a fishpond, a battleground and a graveyard," but offered opportunities for pleasure hitherto only half-suspected. Mr. Marsden, laughing gently the while, traces the evolution of the seaside resorts from the days of the first bathing machines to the communal holiday camps of 1947. The comparison neither makes us sigh for the past nor particularly content with the present. We might yet do something better with our national foreshore.

Two artists from abroad also give us their conceptions of England in "PAINTINGS BY FELIX KELLY" (Falcon Press. 10s. 6d.) and "PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS BY GREGORIO PRIETO" (Falcon Press. 10s. 6d.). Both Kelly, a young New Zealander, who came to England a few years before the war, and Prieto, a Spaniard, show themselves to be shrewd, skilful and at times admiring commentators upon the English scene. Kelly has made country houses his especial theme, and he has a faultless feeling for architecture, which, in some strange way, he links with a sense of fantasy. His drawings and paintings are quite unmistakable. Prieto is a very different kind of draughtsman, and some of his drawings made in Kensington Gardens and upon the river ally subtlety and humour with economy of line. It is good to know how others see us.

The curse of Macaulay does not sit quite so heavily upon us these days. The politically prejudiced old Victorian Whig, for all his genius with the pen, could seldom bring himself to write history objectively; but now in this twentieth century, despite the attentions of propagandists, public relations officers and Press secretaries with their official handouts, there are actually institutions which seek an unbiased approach to the great problems of our time, an impartial marshalling of facts. Among these is The London Institute of World Affairs, and their publication THE YEAR BOOK OF WORLD AFFAIRS: VOL. I (Stevens. 20s.) has, refreshingly enough, just made its appearance. How far it succeeds in its quest for impartiality it is for the reader to judge, but the effort in that direction is beyond doubt prodigious. The Year Book's article on Soviet Foreign Policy, that enigma of the post-war world, at least leaves one with the feeling that some of Mr. Molotov's "No's" may have been countered on the other side by no less determined negatives; while an equally detached Olympian viewpoint characterises the articles on Czechoslovakia, that Republic so precariously placed between East and West, and India's communal problem, the problem not so much of two new Dominions, but of an old and vast sub-continent groping its way along the path of democratic reform.

Here are two new books for the scientifically-minded: WHAT IS ATOMIC ENERGY? by K. Mendelssohn, and MOLECULES AGAINST MICROBES, by E. S. Duthie. Both are published at 6s. by Sigma Books Limited. The former is a broad and fairly easily understood survey of atomic physics, the more technical jargon of the expert scientist being wisely cut to a minimum.

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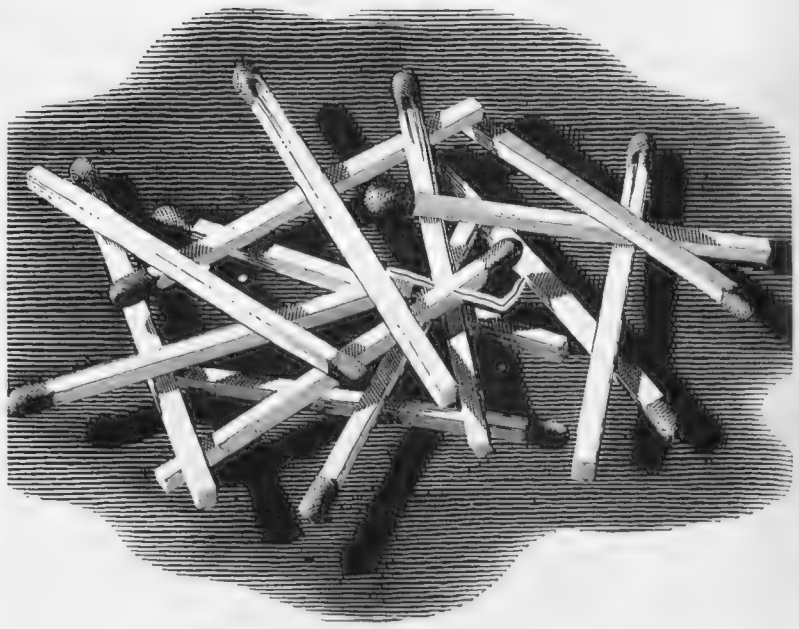

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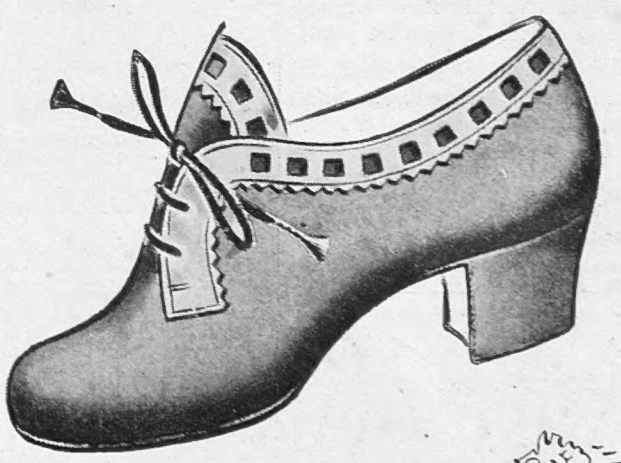

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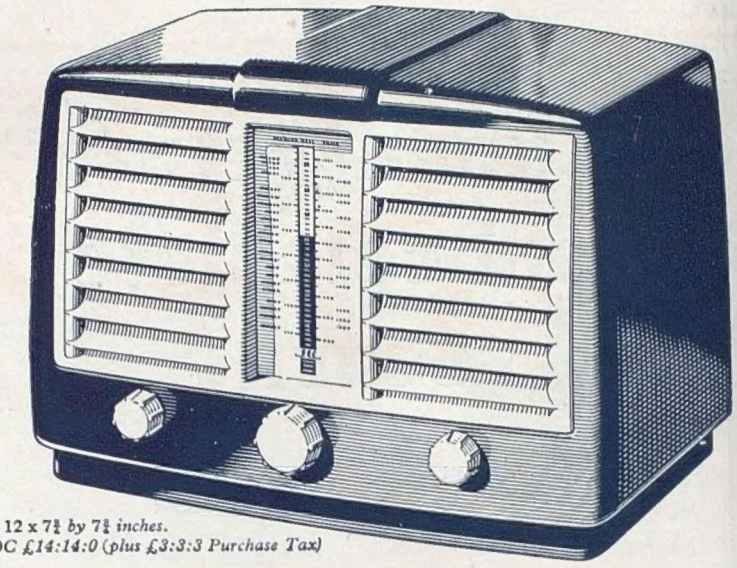

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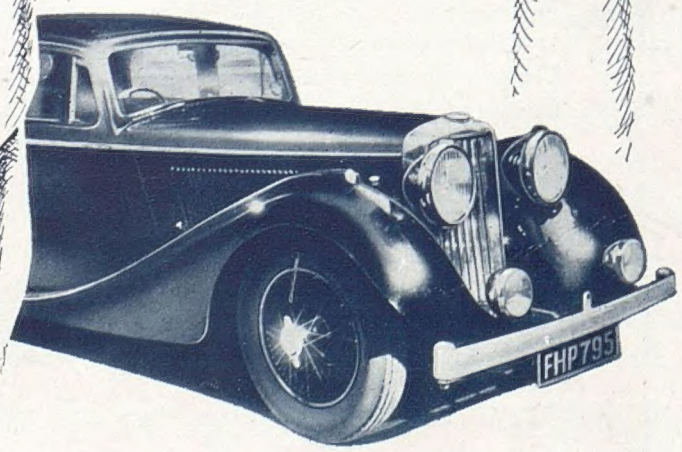

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